

CRIMINALS BEWARE! THE HANGMAN IS EVERYWHERE!

HANGMAN

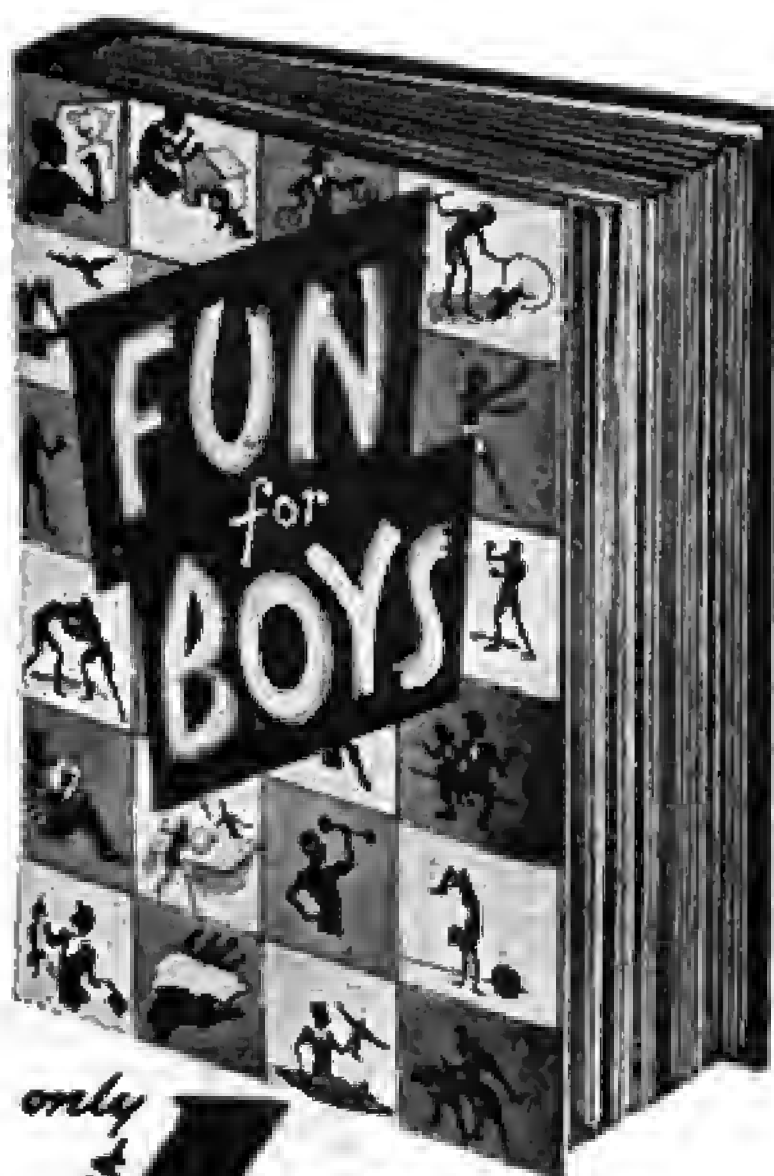
No. 6

10¢ *comics*

MLJ
PUBLICATION



The image is a dense collage of vintage comic book covers, primarily from the mid-20th century. The covers are arranged in a grid-like fashion, overlapping slightly. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "Jetta", "Mystery Comics", "Fantastic Tales", "Cosmo Cat", "Startling Comics", "Strange Mysteries", "Daring Adventures", "Famous Funnies", "Hilarious Raucous", "Teen-Age Sweetheart", "Duck", "Eerie", "Exciting Comics", "Casper Cat", and "Barnyard Comics". Many covers feature colorful illustrations of superheroes, cartoon characters, and action scenes. A large, dark purple speech bubble with a white outline is centered over the collage. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font. The overall aesthetic is nostalgic and vibrant.



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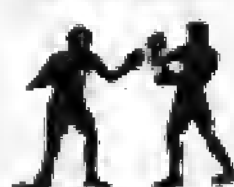
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The HANGMAN

SPECIAL
CASE
NO. 17

IN *The Laughing Cavalier*

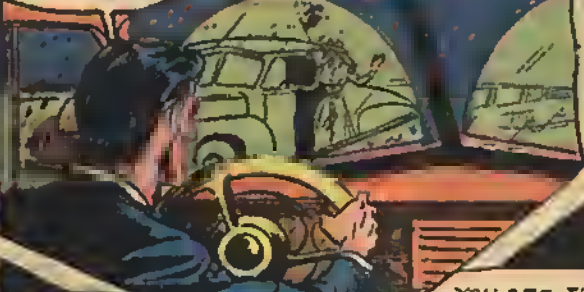
THERE WAS DEATH IN THAT ANCIENT CASTLE GRINNING, MOCKING, HIDEOUS DEATH, AND IT WAS INTO THIS BIZARRE SETTING, CRINGING UNDER AN ANCESTRAL CURSE, THAT THE HANGMAN WAS PLUNGED TO FIND HIMSELF AT GRIPS WITH THE GHOSTLY MURDERER THE LAUGHING CAVALIER!!



IRVING
NOVIT

ONE STORMY NIGHT AS BOB DICKERING IS DRIVING ALONG THE CITY'S OUTSKIRTS.....

HELLO... LOOKS LIKE A MAIDEN IN DISTRESS.



GLAD TO TAKE YOU THERE, HOP IN!

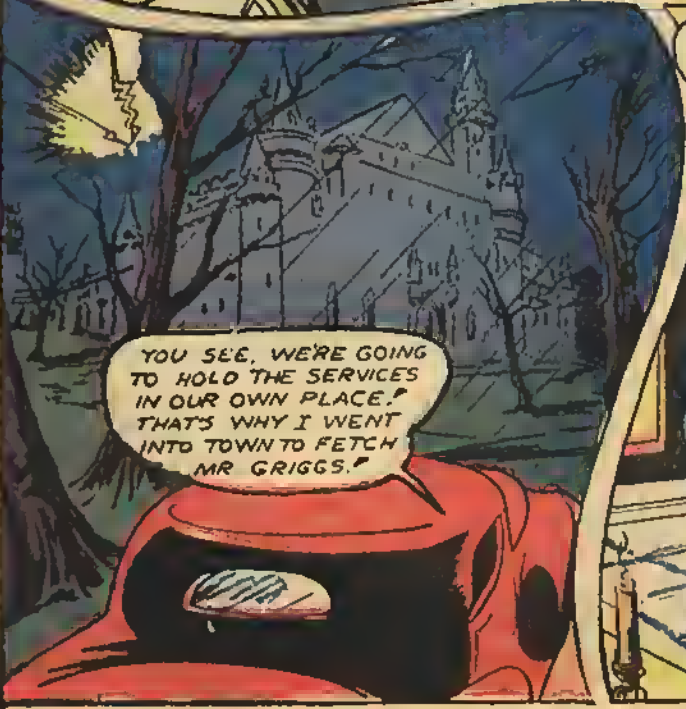
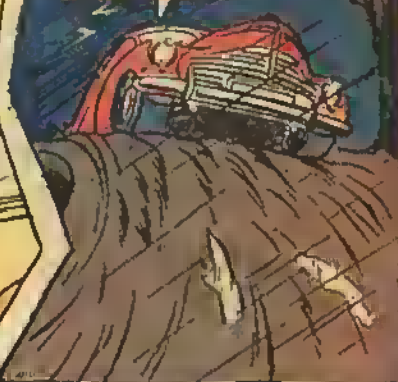


YOU SEE I'M LINDA SHORT, AND THIS IS JASPER GRIGGS, A CHURCH ORGANIST.



LINDA SHORT! NOT RELATED TO ROBERT SHORT, THE MULTI-MILLIONAIRE, ARE YOU?

MY FATHER... BUT HE JUST DIED. WE'RE ABOUT TO BURY HIM!



YOU SEE, WE'RE GOING TO HOLD THE SERVICES IN OUR OWN PLACE. THAT'S WHY I WENT INTO TOWN TO FETCH MR GRIGGS.

THANK YOU SO MUCH, BUT YOU MUST STAY AWHILE - AT LEAST UNTIL THE STORM BLOWS OVER.

WELL, IT IS RATHER UNCOMFORTABLE DRIVING.



DON'T BE A FOOL!
GET OUT OF THIS
ACCURSED CASTLE
BEFORE IT
IS TOO LATE!

GET OUT, I TELL YOU! THERE'S HATE
HERE-- AND DEATH! EVERYBODY HATES
EVERYBODY ELSE! EVEN MY BELOVED
SISTER, LINDA, HATES HER OWN FIANCE!
I KNOW, I TELL YOU, I KNOW!
HA, HA, HA, HA!!

HARLEY, YOU DRUNKEN
FOOL! I'LL TEACH YOU
TO SAY SUCH VILE
THINGS!

YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO
THIS FAMILY! WHEN
LINDA AND I GET
MARRIED, YOU'RE
GETTING OUT OF
HERE!

LINDA WILL NEVER
MARRY YOU, JIM EVANS!
I SWEAR IT! YOU'RE A FORTUNE
HUNTER! YOU FOOLED MY FATHER,
AND MY STUPID SISTER-- BUT
YOU DON'T FOOL ME!

SOMEONE ELSE
ONCE WANTED TO MARRY
LINDA-- TOM HARRIS!
REMEMBER HIM? HE WAS
SMART TOO BUT HE COULDN'T
OUTSMART OUR FAMILY CURSE!

I'M SORRY FOR MY
BROTHER'S RUDE-
NESS! THE
BUTLER WILL
SHOW YOU
GENTLEMEN
TO YOUR
QUARTERS! WE
WILL HOLD SER-
VICES WHEN YOU
ARE READY MR.
GRIGGS!

BOY... OF ALL THE SCREWY
SET-UPS, TROUBLE'S GOING
TO POP ANY MINUTE. I
CAN ALMOST SMELL IT.

AT THAT MOMENT—

YOU! NO, NO!
IT CAN'T BE.....
YOU'RE... YOU'RE
DEAD!!

OH, OH.
HERE IT
COMES!

AND THE
HANGMAN'S
GOING TO TRY
TO FORESTALL IT!

GREAT SCOTT!
I'M TOO LATE!

UGH!

I'VE GOT YOU—
YOU KILLER!

WHEN THE HANGMAN
COMES TO.....

O Ooo.... MY HEAD!
WHAT A SUCKER I TURNED
OUT TO BE.

WHAT'S GOING ON
HERE-- GOOD
LORD! IT'S
HARRIS THE
BUTLER!

EEEE!!
HE'S BEEN
MURDERED!

CRASH!

NEVER MIND THE QUESTIONS!
THERE'S A MURDERER
LOOSE AND I INTEND
TO CATCH
HIM!

YOU...YOU'RE THE
HANGMAN!
HOW DID YOU
GET HERE?

MEANWHILE, IN THE ROOM OF THE DISSOLUTE
HARLEY SHORT.....

THE--- THE
HANGMAN'S
NOOSE!!

YES, HARLEY SHORT
YOUR HANGMAN'S NOOSE,
PERHAPS-FOR THE MURDER
OF THE BUTLER!

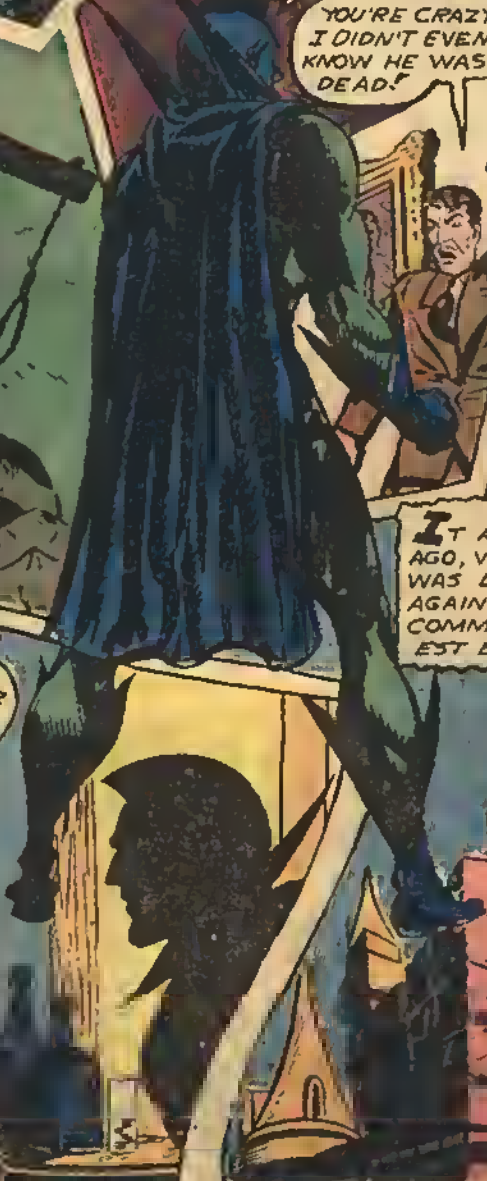
YOU'RE CRAZY!
I DIDN'T EVEN
KNOW HE WAS
DEAD!

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE,
RIGHT AFTER YOUR THREATS
ABOUT DEATH AND A
FAMILY CURSE THAT
SOMEONE LOOKING LIKE A
CAVALIER SHOULD
COMMIT MURDER!

GREAT LORD!
THE LAUGHING
CAVALIER
RETURNED!

I WARNED THEM
HE WOULD-BUT THEY
LAUGHED! HE CAME BACK
ONCE BEFORE FOR TOM
HARRIS! THE CAVALIER
WAS THE ORIGINAL OWNER
OF THIS CASTLE, WHICH MY
FATHER BROUGHT FROM
ENGLAND STONE
BY STONE!

IT ALL BEGAN CENTURIES
AGO, WHEN THE CAVALIER
WAS DEFENDING THIS CASTLE
AGAINST A SIEGE FORCE
COMMANDED BY HIS BITTER-
EST ENEMY.....





WHO GOES THERE?
OH, IT IS YOU,
SQUIRE!

YES, MY LORD.
I BRING YOU A
DRINK TO RE-
FRESH YOU.



YES, I COULD
STAND ONE! THIS
CONSTANT VIGIL IS
EXHAUSTING ME!



AAAAARCH!
POISON!
YOU--- YOU--



NOW I SHALL
GIVE THE SIGNAL TO
SHOW THE WAY
IS CLEAR!



FEAR NOT MEN!
I HAVE DISPOSED OF
THE DUKE, AS I
WAS BID!



WAIT! THERE'S
SOMETHING
WRONG!



HE'S DEAD!
YOU FOOL!
I TOLD YOU
I DIDN'T
WANT HIM
KILLED!

YOU CHEATED ME OUT OF
TORTURING MY
BLOOD ENEMY.

UGH!

TAKE HIS FILTHY
CARCASS AND
BURY IT.

SURELY MILORD,
YOU WON'T BURY
THE DUKE LIKE AN
ANIMAL! ONE OF
ROYAL BLOOD
CERTAINLY DESERVES
AT LEAST THE LAST
RITES.

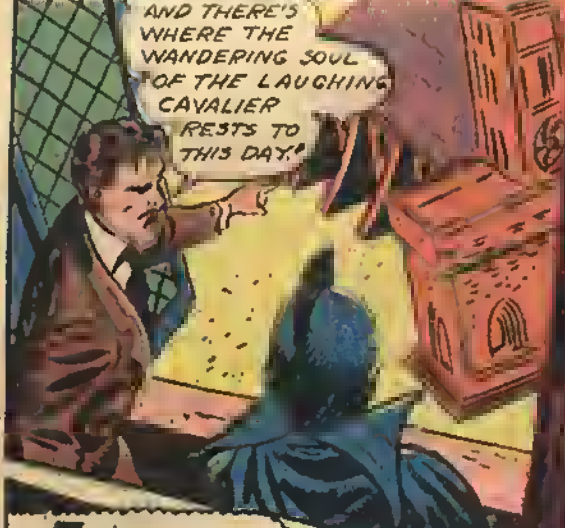
SILENCE, YOU
SWINE.

LET HIM ROT IN HIS
COFFIN LIKE A PAGAN!
THAT WILL GIVE ME **SOME**
MEASURE OF VENGEANCE!
FROM NOW ON THIS
CASTLE IS MINE!

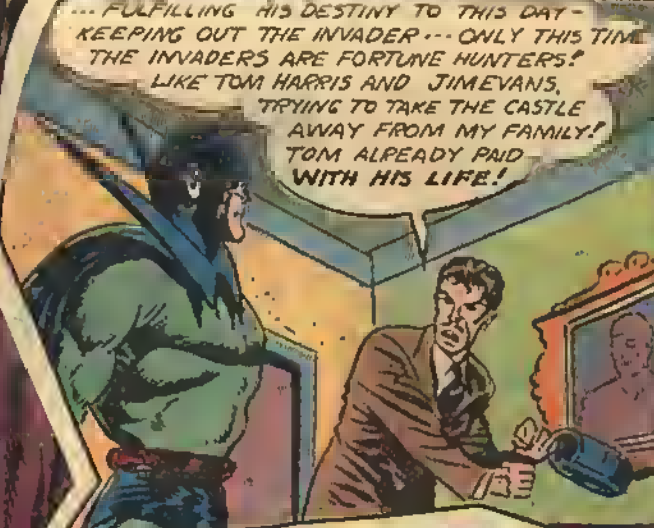
... **B**UT LATER, WHILE THE
INVADING HORDE IS CAROUSING,
THE PRIEST SNEAKED INTO
THE MAUSOLEUM.....

OH NOBLE DUKE, YOUR
WICKED ENEMY CHEATED
YOU OF ETERNAL REST...
BUT IT SHALL BE YOUR
DESTINY NEVER TO LET
THIS CASTLE FALL INTO
THE HANDS OF THE
INVADER!

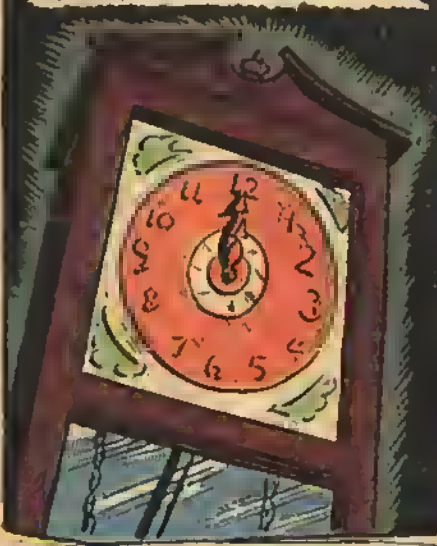





AND THERE'S
WHERE THE
WANDERING SOUL
OF THE LAUGHING
CAVALIER
RESTS TO
THIS DAY!




... FULFILLING HIS DESTINY TO THIS DAY--
KEEPING OUT THE INVADER --- ONLY THIS TIME
THE INVADERS ARE FORTUNE HUNTERS!
LIKE TOM HARRIS AND JIMEVANS,
TRYING TO TAKE THE CASTLE
AWAY FROM MY FAMILY!
TOM ALREADY PAID
WITH HIS LIFE!



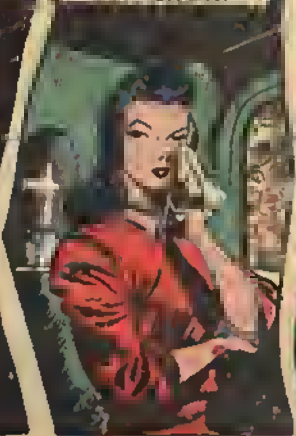
... **THEN** THE GREAT
CLOCK TOLLS 12 -- TIME
FOR THE FUNERAL SERVICES
OF ROBERT SHORT-----



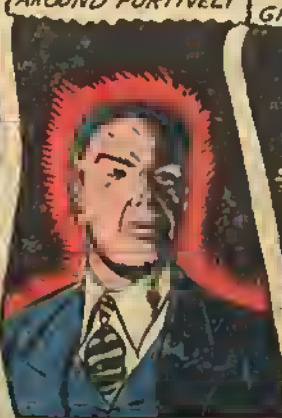
... IN THE CASTLE'S MAUSOLEUM,
THE SMALL GATHERING HUDDLES
IN THE GLOOM--WITH EVERY
SHADOW -- SEEMINGLY A
CROUCHING THREAT!




BOY, THAT LAUGHING CAVALIER
YARN'S GOT ME JITTERY!
SOMETHING'S GOING TO
POP ANY MINUTE! I
FEEL IT IN MY BONES!




"LINDA LOOKS
MORE WORRIED
THAN GRIEF-
STRICKEN."



"JIM EVANS
KEEPS LOOKING
AROUND FURTIVELY"



"AND HARLEY HASN'T
STOPPED LOOKING AT
GRIGGS THE ORGANIST!"



THEN, AS THE ORGAN BREAKS
INTO A MELANCHOLY, RE-
FRAIN, THE HANGMAN
LOOKS UP AND SEES.....

SUDDENLY....

WATCH OUT!
THE CHANDELIER
IS FALLING!

SAY, THAT CHANDELIER'S
WOBBLING IN A
FUNNY WAY?

UGH-- EVANS
IS CRUSHED
TO A PULP!

MAYBE THIS
IS A GHOST'S
WORK AND
MAYBE NOT?

BUT I'M
GOING TO
FIND OUT
OF SURE!

HMM-- A WIRE
LEADING TO THE
CHANDELIER HOOK--
I'LL TRACE IT AND
SEE WHERE IT
LEADS!

WELL, I'VE DISCOVERED SOMETHING ALL RIGHT... THAT WAS A PRETTY STORY YOU GAVE ME, HARLEY, ABOUT THE LAUGHING CAVALIER- FOR A MOMENT YOU ALMOST HAD ME FOOLED!

WH... WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

YOU-- YOU'RE THE MURDERER, HARLEY! OH. YOU HATEFUL BEAST!

YOU'RE CRAZY, LINDA. I DIDN'T KILL ANYBODY!



HE'S RIGHT, LINDA! HE'S NOT THE MURDERER!

WHAT? THEN WHO IS?

I TOLD YOU WHO - THE LAUGHING CAVALIER!

NO, HARLEY! IT'S GRIGGS, THE ORGANIST!

YES, CONFOUND YOU, HANGMAN! I'M THE MURDERER - BUT I'M TOO CLEVER TO BE CAUGHT!



I'VE HEARD THOSE WORDS BEFORE!

SUDDENLY THE ORGANIST STOPS SHORT, WHEELS AND.....



THAT DEVIL!
THERE MUST BE
SOME WAY TO
ESCAPE HIM! THERE
MUST BE!!

THAT BELFRY
ROPE! IF I CAN
CATCH IT, I MIGHT
BE ABLE TO SWING
TOWARD THAT EXIT!

HA, HA, HA!
I'VE OUTWITTED
YOU HANGMAN!
I'VE OUT... UGH...

GOOD LORD,
HE'S GOING
TO MISS!

YOU'RE DYING GRIGGS!
YOU MIGHT AS WELL
CONFESS ALL! WHY
DID YOU MURDER
THOSE PEOPLE?

LOOK AT ME, LINDA! LOOK CLOSELY!
DO YOU REMEMBER THE MAN YOU
ONCE LOVED? THE MAN WHO WAS
DETERMINED TO KEEP YOU FROM
MARRYING ME, 'ACCIDENTALLY' RAN
ME DOWN WITH HIS CAR AND LEFT
ME FOR DEAD!

YOU
T-TOM
HARRIS!

YES, TOM HARRIS!
BUT I DIDN'T DIE! I LIVED,
TO BECOME THIS HORRIBLE
MISSHAPEN CREATURE.....
AND I SWORE VENGEANCE
ON YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY, EVEN
YOU LINDA... I WAS SORRY TO
MURDER THE BUTLER, BUT I
HAD TO! HE RECOGNIZED ME!

HE'S DEAD! HIS
DIABOLICALLY CLEVER
PLAN MIGHT HAVE SUCCEED-
ED IF I HADN'T TRACED THAT
WIRE FROM THE CHANDELIER
TO HIS ORGAN! BUT
LIKE ALL CRIMINALS,
HIS FIRST MISTAKE
WAS HIS LAST!

WORLD WONDERS



FLYING TANK CARS

AMERICA'S HEAVY BOMBERS
CARRY MORE GASOLINE THAN
A RAILROAD TANK CAR!



WELL WHAT DO YOU KNOW?



ROBBERIES ARE NOT
ROBBINGS AT ALL BUT
BELONG TO THE
THRUSH FAMILY!

ELEPHANTS

USUALLY HATE
THE ODOR OF A WHITE
MAN AND WILL RESPOND ONLY
TO A NATIVE,

AN EXTREME SHORTAGE
OF ALUMINUM EXISTS IN
THE UNITED STATES ... YET

79 OF THE ENTIRE EARTH'S
10 CRUST IS ALUMINUM!

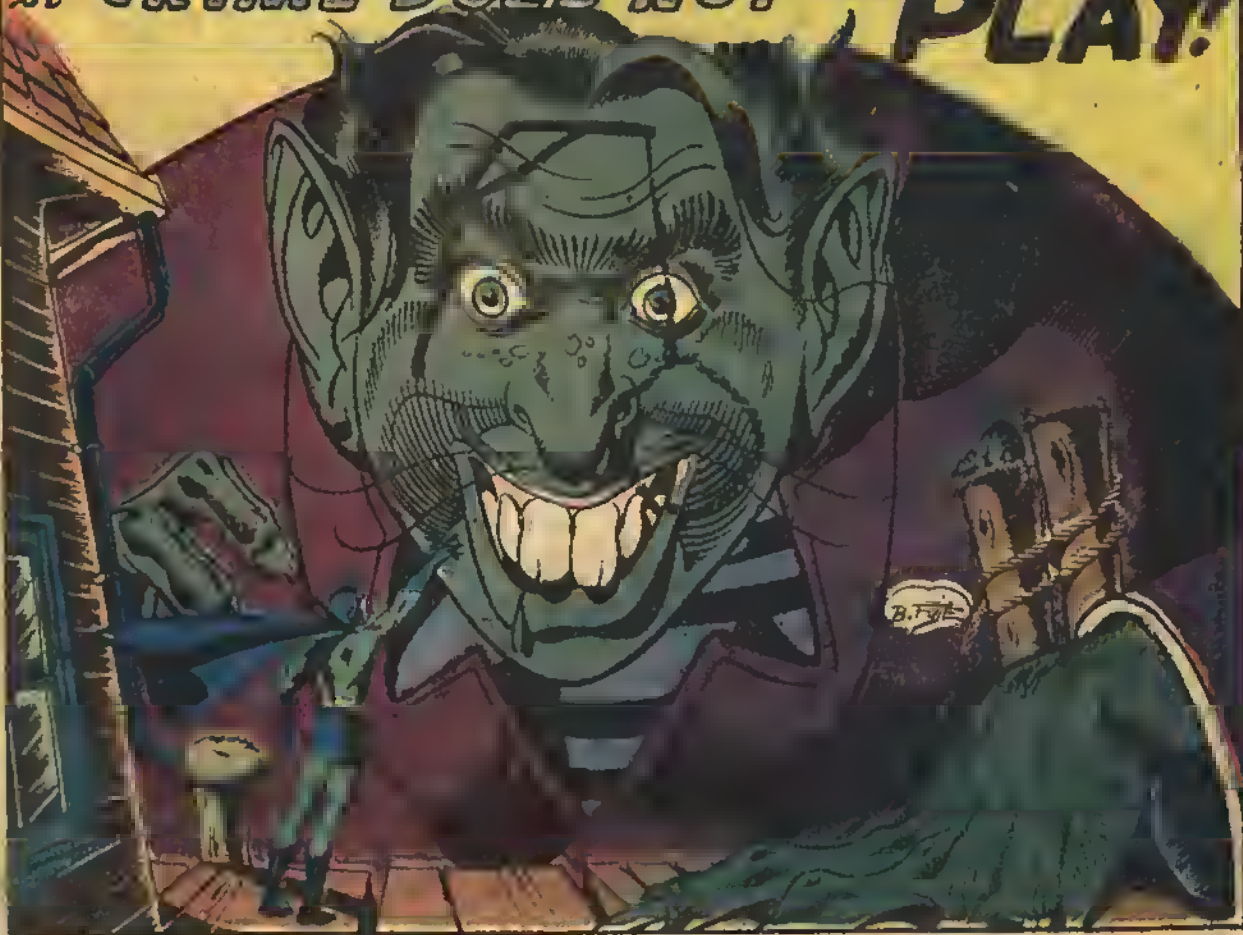


HANGMAN

SPECIAL
CASE

18

in CRIME DOES NOT... **PLAY!**



WILD CHASE ALONG THE MURKY WATERFRONT
STREETS BETWEEN THE POLICE AND A FLEEING
RACKETEER CZAR! THEN, A BULLET FINDS ITS
MARK IN ONE OF THE POLICE TIRES, AND ---





MORNING STAR

EXTRA

WAXY SHULTZ PUB
LIC ENEMY NO. 1
CAPTURED BY
HANGMAN

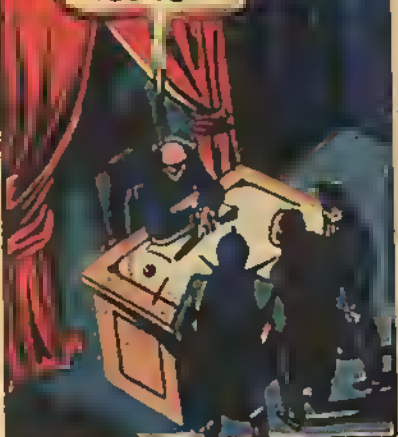
THRILLING
CHASE CLIMAXED
BY CAPTURE

QUICK TRIAL
TO BE GIVEN
- CZAR OF
UNDERWORLD

THIS CITY WAS
WITNESS TO
ONE OF THE
MOST

AT LAST THE
LAW HAS CAUGHT
UP WITH THE
SLIPPERY !!!

WAXY SHULTZ, I YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY ON ALL COUNTS! IT IS MY GREAT PLEASURE TO SENTENCE YOU TO----

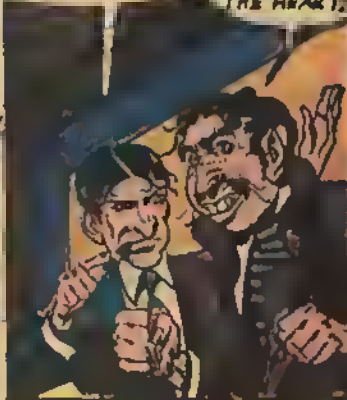


LIFE IM-PRISON-MENT!



SUITS ME, JUDGE! I NEED A REST ANYWAY!

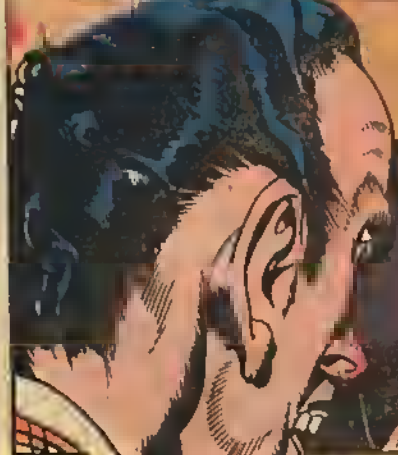
SAY! FOR AGUY WHO JUST HAD THE BOOK THROWN AT HIM YOU SOUND PRETTY COOL! SURE, MOUTH-PIECE! WHY GET EX-CITED! BAD FOR THE HEART.



LATER- IN THE OFFICE OF THE PRISON WARDEN... YOU WERE A BIG SHIT WITH YOUR MOB, BUT HERE YOU'RE JUST PLAIN NO. 17253!



AND ANY TROUBLE OUT OF YOU--



ME! TROUBLE! I WOULDN'T THINK OF IT, WARDEN! I WUZ GONNA RETIRE SOON, ANYHOW- AND THIS JOINT IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY!



I DON'T LIKE IT, PADDY! THIS GUY IS ACTING TOO CUTE! I WONDER IF HE'S GOT SOMETHING UP HIS SLEEVE!

SURE WARDEN! HIS ARM! AND ONE WRONG MOVE AND I'LL YANK IT RIGHT OFFA HIM! DON'T WORRY, SHULTZ IS HERE TO STAY!



I'VE GOT THEM WORRIED, HA, HA, HA! AND IF THEY KNEW WHAT MY PLANS WERE, THEY'D BE MORE WORRIED!



SOME DAYS LATER,
THE WARDEN GETS
INTO HIS CAR TO BE
DRIVEN INTO TOWN--

WHAT'S THE MATTER
DRIVER? WHY ARE
YOU SLOWING UP?

THERE'S A LOG
ACROSS THE
ROAD, WARDEN!

SUDDENLY, THE DEADLY
SNOUT OF A MACHINE GUN
IS THRUST THROUGH THE
UNDERBRUSH BORDERING
THE ROADSIDE, AND ----

Oooo!

... UNCONTROLLED,
THE CAR HURTTLES
THROUGH THE FENCE,
AND AS IT CRASHES
TO A HALT ----

HIYA, WARDEN
OL' BOY, YOU
GOT YOURSELF
A NEW CHAUF-
FEUR! ---
ME!

YOU CRAZY KILLER!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT
YOUR GAME IS,
BUT ---

SHUT UP, AN' GIT IN THE FRONT
WID ME WHERE I KIN KEEP AN
EYE ON YOU! I GOT A COUPLE
O' PALS WHO ARE DYIN'
TO MEET YOU!

WELL, WELL---IF IT
AIN'T WAXY'S LIL'
PLAYMATE--THE
WARDEN!

SHUT UP, BUGG-
SY! --C'MON
IN WAR-
DEN!

MIGHT AS WELL
MAKE YOURSELF
AT HOME, WAR-
DEN; YER GON-
NA BE HERE
A LONG TIME!

ARE YOU MAD?
EVERY COP
IN THE
COUNTRY
WILL BE
LOOKING
FOR ME,
SOON!

OH, NO DEY WON'T, WARDEN!
TAKE A LOOK AT DESE MOVIN'
PICTURES! RECOGNIZE DE GUY,
WARDEN?

WHY TH--THAT'S
ME!



RIGHT! WAXY HAD DEM TAKEN!
HE KNEW IF HE WUZ PINCHED
HE'D WIND UP IN YOUR
COOLER! SO HE'S HAD A
DOUBLE READY
TO STEP IN-
TO YOUR
SHOES!



THAT'S ME, WARDEN! I'VE STUD-
IED EVERY ONE OF YOUR
CHARACTERISTICS!
NOBODY
COULD TELL
US APART!



THAT NIGHT---
WARDEN WANTS TO
SEE YOU, SHULTZ!

I THOUGHT HE WOULD!
HEH, HEH, HEH!

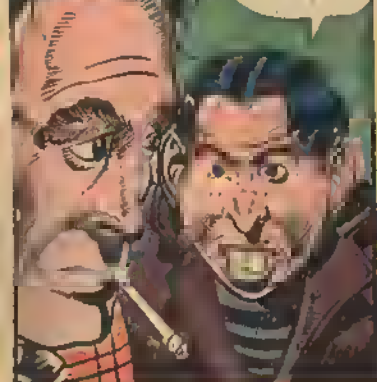


WHADDA YOU MEAN BY THAT
CRACK! HOW'D YOU KNOW
HE'D WANT TO SEE
YOU?

MY WOMANLY
INTUITION,
COPPER!



WELL, HELLO SHULTZ!
THAT WAS A NEAT LITTLE
PLAN YOU HAD! LET
ME CONGRATULATE
YOU! WHA--
WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN?



YOU KNOW DARNED WELL WHAT I
MEAN-- BUT
IT DIDN'T
WORK!

EASY
RAT!

WHY
YOU--!



ALL RIGHT, BOYS--I WANT
TO HAVE A TALK WITH
SHULTZ-- ALONE! YOU
CAN GO BACK TO YOUR
POSTS!





DON'T ARGUE!
I CAN HANDLE
THIS THUG IF
HE GETS
TOUGH!

OKAY, WARDEN!
YOU'RE THE
BOSS!



WELL, WAXY! HOW'D YOU LIKE MY
ACT! I HAD YOU FOOLED, DIDN'T
I? YA REALLY THOUGHT I WUZ
THE WARDEN!

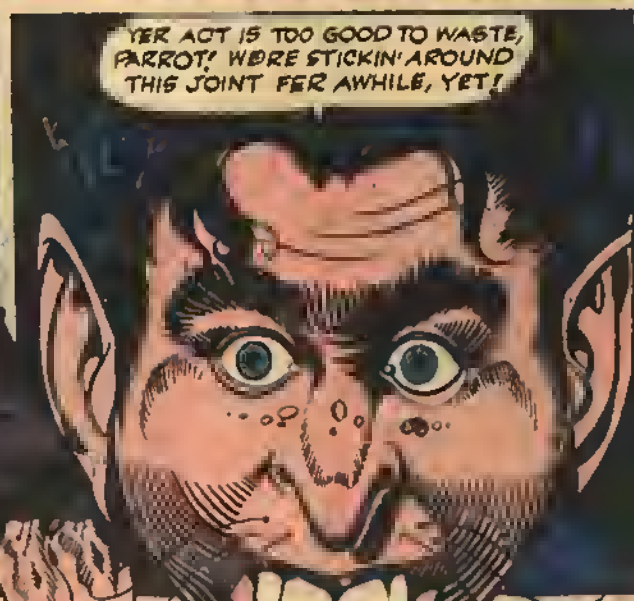


WHY, YOU DIRTY RAT! I
DON'T LIKE
THOSE KINDA
JOKES!
NIX, BOSS!
I WUZ ONLY
HAVIN' A
LITTLE FUN--
AAARRRRH--



I--(GASP)--DIDN'T
THINK YOU'D BE
SO TOUCHY--(ROUGH)
ALL RIGHT LET'S
BLOW THIS JOINT!

WAIT A MINUTE, PARROT!
MAYBE YA GOT SOME-
THIN THERE AT THAT!
YA REALLY DID HAVE
ME FOOLED!



YER ACT IS TOO GOOD TO WASTE,
PARROT! WE'RE STICKIN' AROUND
THIS JOINT FER AWHILE, YET!



YOU GET EVERY
GUARD IN HERE
AN' LEAVE THE
REST TO ME!

O--OKAY,
WAXY!



WONDER WHAT
THE WARDEN
WANTS US
FOR IN
SUCH A
RUSH!

MAY HE
GOT WIND
OF A
BREAK!



YEAH--
GUESS
YOU'RE
RIGHT!

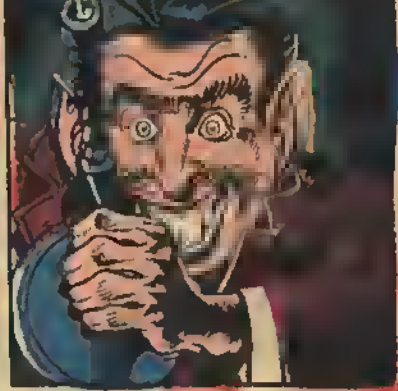
WHEN ALL THE GUARDS ARE GATHERED---
WELL, WELL --LOOKS LIKE OLD-HOME WEEK!
WH--WHA-WAXY?



OKAY, COPPERB-- WH--WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO, SHULTZ?
LINE UP AGAINST THE WALL-- ALL OF YOU!



THIS!

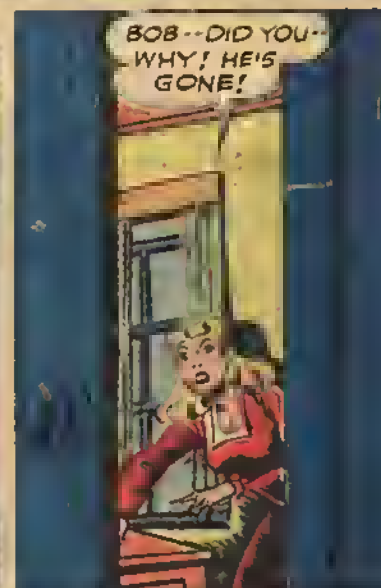
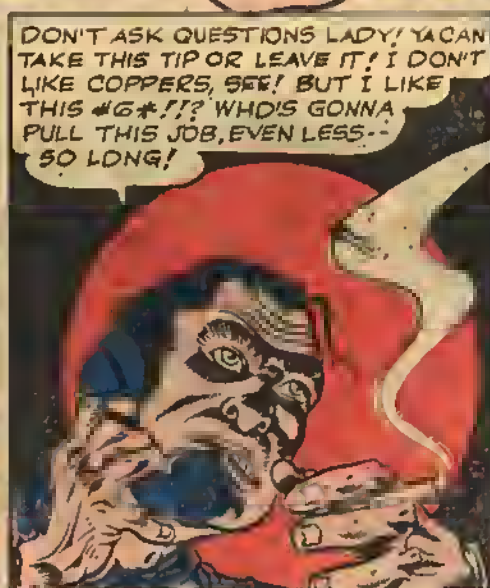
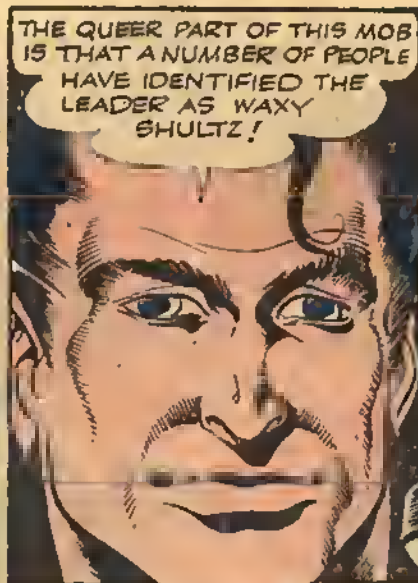


NOT BAD, EH PARROT, NOW GET THE MOB DOWN HERE! THE OLD SHULTZ GANG IS IN BUSINESS AGAIN-- WITH NEW HEAD-QUARTERS!

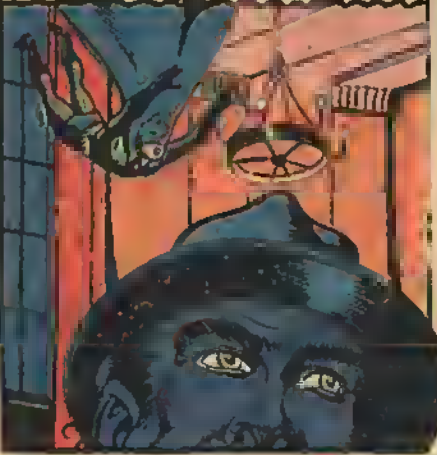


AND SO, OPERATING WITH THE STATE PENITENTIARY AS HIS HIDEOUT WAXY SHULTZ AND HIS MOB SWOOP DOWN LIKE BLOODY VULTURES IN A CRIME WAVE THAT ROCKS THE COUNTRY!





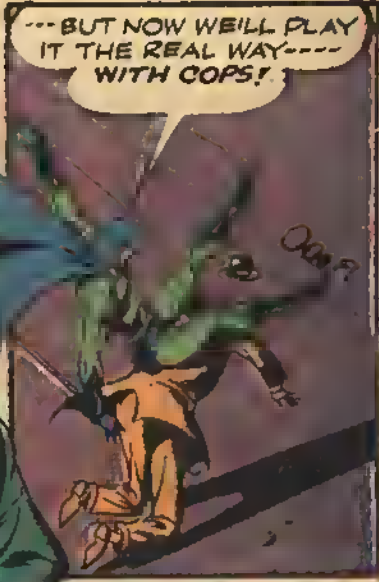
SUDDENLY AN UNINVITED GUEST MAKES A DRAMATIC ENTRANCE FROM AN UPPER STORY WINDOW--THE HANGMAN!



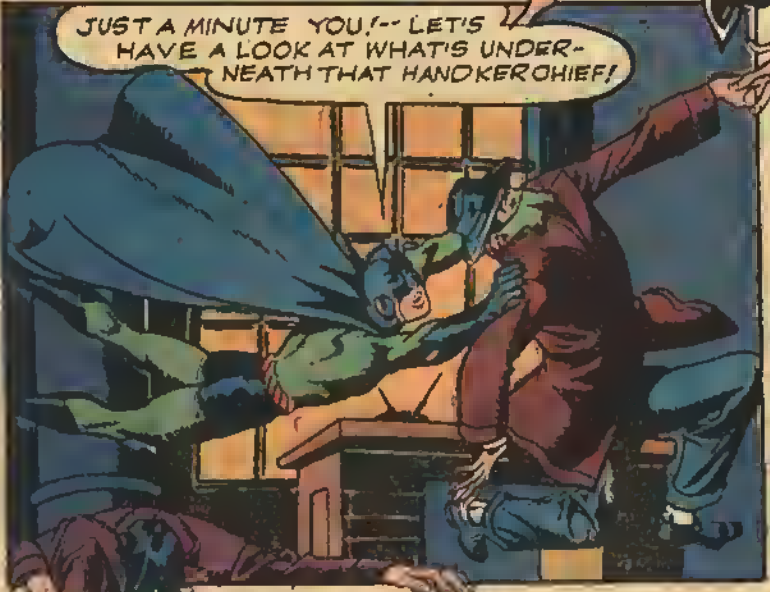
YOU BOYS HAVE BEEN PLAYING COPS AND ROBBERS FOR A LONG TIME!



--- BUT NOW WE'LL PLAY IT THE REAL WAY--- WITH COPS!



JUST A MINUTE YOU!-- LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT WHAT'S UNDER-NEATH THAT HANDKERCHIEF!



WAXY SHULTZ!

BLAST YOU, HANGMAN!



...TAKE DAT!



WHILE THE HANGMAN IS UNCONSCIOUS THE GUNMEN MAKE GOOD THEIR GET-AWAY!



AND WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE SOON AFTER---

IT'S THE HANGMAN-- OUT COLD!



--AND IT WAS WAXY SHULTZ, I TELL YOU!

DO WE HAPTA GO THRU ALL THAT AGAIN, HANGMAN? WE'VE CHECKED ON HIM A DOZEN TIMES! HE'S BEHIND BARS, I TELL YA!



I DON'T BLAME THEM FOR NOT BELIEVING ME--BUT JUST THE SAME, THE HANGMAN'S GOING TO DO SOME PERSONAL CHECKING!



HERE IT IS ---AND EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE QUIET ENOUGH!

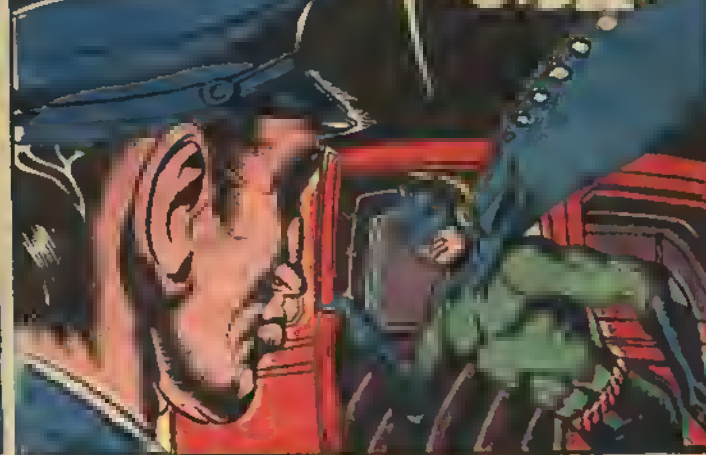


--NIX! YA CAN'T GET IN TO SEE DE WARDEN TONIGHT! HE'S TOO BUSY! NOW BEAT IT!

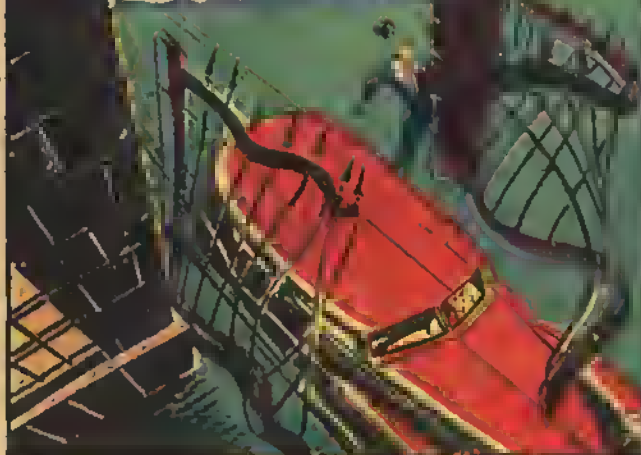
HMM--I OON'T SEEM TO HAVE MUCH CHOICE!



WELL, 60 LONG! I'D KNOW THAT FACE ANYWHERE--BUGGSY MOILAN! ONE OF SHULTZ'S MOB!



BUT INSTEAD OF DRIVING AWAY THE HANGMAN, SUDDENLY WHEELS HIS CAR ABOUT AND HURTTLES IT PAST THE PARALYZED GUARD RIGHT THRU THE PRISON GATE----



IT'S DE HANGMAN, SLAPSY! LET 'IM HAVE IT!



THE HANGMAN'S SHUT UP! I'LL
WISE TO OUR GET THAT GUY
SET-UP, I TELL BEFORE HE--
YA, WAXY! WE I'LL ANSWER
BETTER LAM THE PHONE!
OUTTA HERE!



WHAT! THE HANGMAN
HERE! YOU STUPID
CRUMBS! HOW'D YOU
LET 'IM GET PAST
THE GATE?



OKAY--MAYBE I'M GLAD
HE'S HERE AT THAT!
THIS TIME HE STUCK
HIS NECK OUT TOO
FAR!



...AND SO DID YOU,
WAXY! YOU STUCK
YOUR NECK RIGHT
INTO THE HANGMAN'S
NOOSE!



THE... THE
HANGMAN!



I'M WISE TO YOUR SET-UP NOW--
VERY CLEVER GETTING A
WARDEN IN HERE--AND YOUR
MOB IN AS GUARDS!



THAT MEANS YOU MUST
HAVE MUOFERED THE
REAL GUAROS--AND
YOU'RE GOING TO
SWING FOR THAT
IF NOTHING
ELSE!



TRY AN'
GET ME
HANGMAN!



OKAY! YOU
ASKED
FOR IT!



AND YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT WITHOUT ASKING!

GLMMMPH!

FOOTSTEPS!--THOSE PHONEY GUARDS MUST'VE HEARD THE FIGHTING! I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!

I'LL BE WATCHING YOU FROM THE NEXT ROOM, "WARDEN" WITH THIS SUB FANTASY AT YOUR HEART! SO BE SURE AND SAY THE RIGHT THING!

HAVEN'T SPOT-
TED THE HANGMAN J-- JUST
YET, PARROT! SLIPPED!
WHAT WUZ THAT NOISE I HOI
IN HERE?

N--NOTHIN'

K--KEEP THE BOYS LOOKIN' FOR HIM! HE-- HE'S AROUND, C--CLOSE BY, I'M POSITIVE!

ALMOST SLIPPED THAT TIME, PARROT! NOW, I'LL CALL UP A COUPLE OF MY FRIENDS! THEY'D LOVE TO MEET YOU-- I KNOW!

WHASSAT HANGMAN! ARE YOU KIDDIN' USIN' THE STATE JAIL AS HEADQUARTERS IT'S--IT'S UNBELIEVABLE---OKAY---OKAY! HANG ONTO 'EM! WE'LL BE RIGHT THERE!



STEP ON IT JOE! EITHER THE HANGMAN IS NUTS--OR HE'S MADE THE BIGGEST HAUL OF HIS CAREER!



LATER, THAT EVENING--

WUXTRY!
READ
ALL ABOUT IT!
HANGMAN NABS
SHULTZ MOB!



☆ STAR TRIBUNE ☆

WAXY SHULTZ AND MOB USING PRISON AS HIDEOUT CAPTURED BY HANGMAN

KIDNAPPED WARDEN FOUND UNHARMED
STATE GUARDS BUTCHERED

A QUICK TRIAL IS TO BE GIVEN SHULTZ AND HIS GANG FOR THE MOST GHASTLY CRIME EVER COMMITTED IN THE HISTORY OF THIS STATE!

RUSSIANS TAKE FIGHTING R

---AND SO, SOME SHORT WEEKS LATER---

WAXY SHULTZ! THE JURY HAS COME TO A VERY QUICK DECISION AS TO THE FATE OF YOU AND YOUR HENCHMEN! I AM HAPPY TO SENTENCE YOU ALL ---



TO BE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL YOU ARE DEAD! AND MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR BLACK SOULS!



THE
END

A SMILE AND A NOD

FINALLY, after two hours, a car was coming down the road. Joe started to wave his thumb slowly, methodically, staring at the windshield and trying to catch the eyes of the driver. That was the way to do it—catch their eyes. After six years you came to know certain tricks.

Six years was a long time, and Joe had come a long way. He looked older than twenty-four now, and that was because he had seen so much in those six years. He had escaped from the reformatory by slamming one of the guards in the head with a baseball bat. He was smart enough to stay put for three weeks before breaking out of the city. He was smart enough to fool the cops. When he did get away, he got away right. He made the Coast in five days by freight train.

There was an Aunt out on the Coast, and she had helped Joe. She didn't have much, but she was alone, and what little she had she was willing to share. At night she used to talk to Joe, and she used to say things that made him listen, that made his eyes fill and his lips tremble. She made him see right from wrong.

He went out and got himself a job. It was a tough job, a miserable job, but he worked at it, worked hard. Then, a week after he was promoted they laid him off. They didn't give a reason. They just laid him off. Two weeks after that

his Aunt died. A lawyer came and explained that she owed money. Joe wasn't arguing. He went away.

He got another job, lost it, went up to Oregon, worked for awhile and then took a long chance and came East. They picked him up in Ohio, more than three years after his escape. He didn't think they remembered that long. But he found out. Two men picked him up and were taking him to the police station, when he jumped out of the automobile and ducked away. Joe was fast and smart.

And so that was the story. He had to keep on the move. He couldn't stay in one place for long. It was drift and stop, drift and stop. Sometimes he worked, sometimes he ate only by charity. But he never stole. He never did anything to hurt anybody. At night he would look up at the sky and remember his Aunt, remember the things she had told him.

There is a difference between right and wrong and yet at the same time there is a difference between eating and not eating, and slowly this idea began to grow in Joe. As the years began to flick by, faster and more painfully, he began to realize that he was missing something. He was missing not only a clean bed and cooked food—he was missing something bigger.

He was missing too much!

It had to impress itself upon him sometime, and it was work-

ing on him now as that car came down the road. He was telling himself that he had put up with too much, that if he wanted the better things, he would have to get them in only one way—

"Come on, come on—stop, you louse," he murmured, and he smiled dimly as the car came to a stop with a shrieking of brakes.

It was a big black touring car, and the man driving it wore a light tan overcoat and a felt hat. The man was about 30. He smiled at Joe and said, "Goin' far?"

Joe got in, nodded. As he sat down he felt in his back pocket, slowly pulled out the penknife and waited. From the corner of his eye he sized up the driver and then looked at the flashy dashboard of the big car. Everything looked nice and easy, except that it was going to be a little tough pulling something like this with the car doing 70 and going faster each minute.

"You're in a hurry," Joe said.

The man nodded. He looked at Joe and then he jerked his head away, stared through the windshield.

Joe slowly slid the knife toward the man, and then he pressed it up against the man's side and said, "Slow down and keep going straight. Open the door and slide out, or else I'll put this into you."

"A farewell party, kid. They are after me. Two weeks ago I

The big man with the shield on his lapel took a long puff and said, "Well, the young fellow's entitled to half the reward, 'as I see it. Doske picked

And his Aunt smiled, and
nodded.

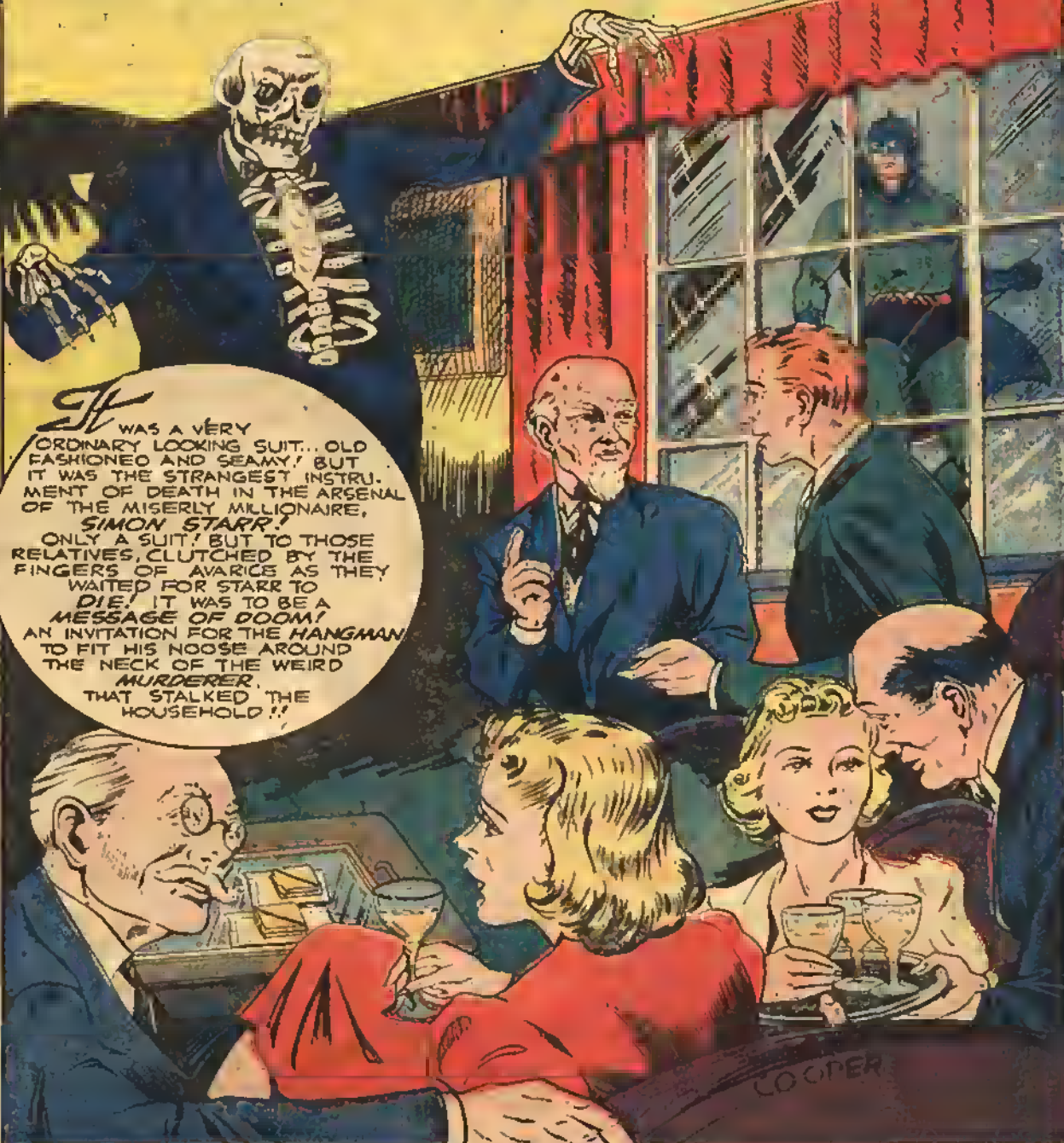
I, THE HUMAN, and address of the publisher, Human Relations Institute, 100 Madison Avenue, Room 11, New York 17, New York, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct copy of the original manuscript as submitted to me by the author, Dr. R. D. Wood, of New York 17, New York, and that the same has been accepted for publication in the Journal of the Human Relations Institute, New York.

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HANGMAN

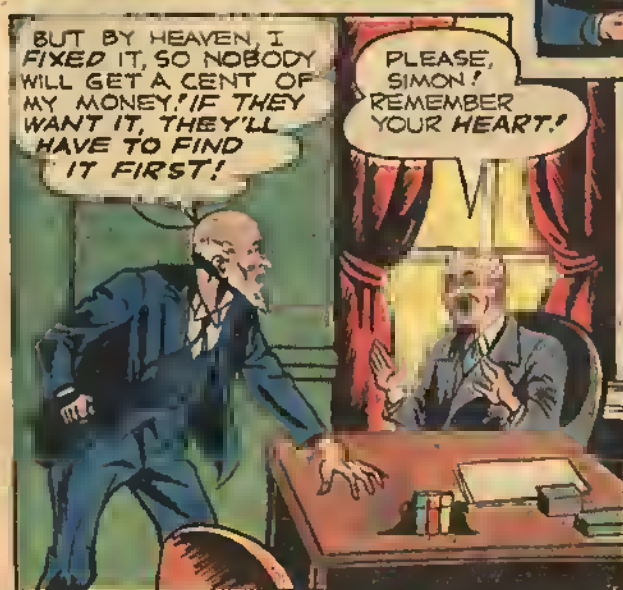
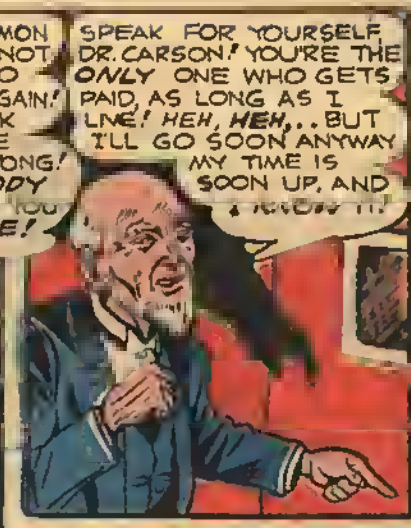
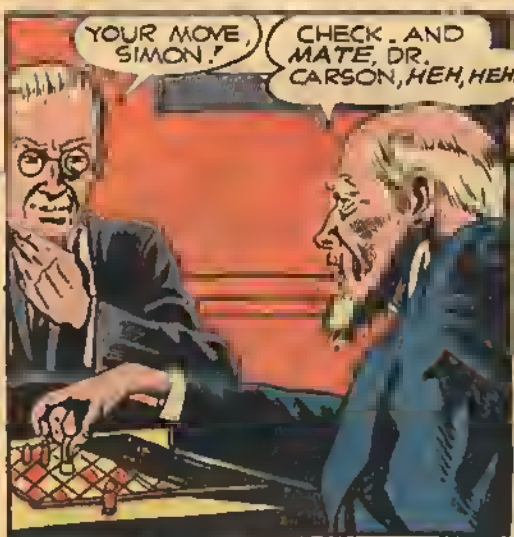
SPECIAL CASE NO. 18.

MURDER WORE A SUIT



IT WAS A VERY ORDINARY LOOKING SUIT... OLD FASHIONED AND SEAMY! BUT IT WAS THE STRANGEST INSTRUMENT OF DEATH IN THE ARSENAL OF THE MISERLY MILLIONAIRE, **SIMON STARR!** ONLY A SUIT! BUT TO THOSE RELATIVES, CLUTCHED BY THE FINGERS OF AVARICE AS THEY WAITED FOR STARR TO DIE! IT WAS TO BE A MESSAGE OF DOOM! AN INVITATION FOR THE HANGMAN TO FIT HIS NOOSE AROUND THE NECK OF THE WEIRD MURDERER, THAT STALKED THE HOUSEHOLD!!

COOPER



BOSH! DON'T TRY TO HOODWINK ME YOU YOUNG SCAMP! IT'S MY **BAD HEALTH** YOU'RE INTERESTED.. NOT MY **GOOD HEALTH!** NOW I'M GOING TO BED! GOOD NIGHT!

I FEEL SORRY FOR YOU UNCLE! YOUR WEALTH HAS MADE YOU MISERABLE! YOU'VE **HOARDED** IT ALL YOUR LIFE.. AND NOW THAT YOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED, YOU'D LIKE TO TAKE IT WITH YOU.. IF YOU COULD!!

YOUR EVENING SEDATIVE, SIR!

ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT. GIVE IT TO ME, AND GET OUT!

BANG

LATER THAT EVENING...

ROSE! GET DR. CARSON! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO MR. STARR!

YES, DR. CARSON! IT'S MR. STARR! HIS HEART I THINK! HURRY!

HELLO, ROSE.. SO IT HAPPENED AT LAST, EH? WHERE IS HE?

RIGHT UPSTAIRS, DR. CARSON!

GOOD LORD! I'M AFRAID I AM!!

I KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN SOONER OR LATER! I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!

NO PULSE... RESPIRATION STOPPED! YES! HE'S DEAD ALLRIGHT!

OBVIOUSLY HE HAD A STROKE! I'LL ARRANGE FOR THE BURIAL AT ONCE!

YES, SIR!

YES, DR. CARSON

OH, BY THE WAY, ROSE, HAVE YOU SEEN THE MASTER'S FULL DRESS SUIT??

WHY, I SENT IT TO THE CLEANERS!

WHAT? WHO TOLD YOU TO DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT? SINCE WHEN DID YOU BECOME MR. STARR'S VALET?

ER... I'M A LITTLE UPSET, THAT'S ALL! WHAT'S THE ADDRESS OF THAT CLEANER, ROSE?

SAY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WHAT ARE YOU GETTING SO EXCITED ABOUT??

AT THAT MOMENT IN THE HOME OF BOB DICKERING...

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! STOP RUSHING ME THELMA! I'M HURRYING AS MUCH AS I CAN!

AND WE WOMEN ARE SUPPOSED TO BE LATE IN OUR APPOINTMENTS!

WILL YOU ANSWER THE DOOR PLEASE, THEL?

YOUR DRESS
SUIT'S HERE
AT LAST, BOB!

CONFOUND
THAT STUPID
TAILOR! HE
SENT ME THE
WRONG SUIT!

OH, BOB! WE'LL
NEVER GET TO
THAT PARTY
NOW!!

WELL THIS IS MY CLEANER!
I'LL BAWL HIM OUT PLENTY
FOR THAT BLUNDER!

I DIDN'T
STEAL IT,
I TELL YOU!
DON'T HIT
ME.. PLEASE!

YOU FILTHY
LIAR...GIVE
ME THAT
SUIT, OR...

I'LL KILL YOU...
SO HELP ME... KILL
YOU IF YOU DON'T
TELL ME THE TRUTH!

HEY! WHAT
GOES ON IN
THERE??

AAARGH...

WHOA THERE, TOUGH
GUY... I'LL HAVE SOMETHING
TO SAY ABOUT ANY KILLINGS!

CRASH!

WELL, LOOKS LIKE I TOOK SOME STARCH OUT OF THAT GUY! WHO IS HE, SAM?

MR. SIMON STARR'S BUTLER. HE CAME IN FOR MR. STARR'S SUIT! AND WHEN I TOLD HIM I SENT IT TO YOU BY MISTAKE, MR. DICKERING HE WENT CRAZY! DID YOU BRING HIS SUIT BACK?

YES! AND I THINK I'M GOING TO DELIVER IT PERSONALLY... HOW ABOUT IT, THEL?

THE HECK WITH THE PARTY! I'M WITH YOU, BOB!

WELL.. IF IT ISN'T OUR PUGNACIOUS FRIEND! HERE'S THE SUIT YOU WERE SO ANXIOUS TO GET! WHAT'S THE MATTER? IS MR. STARR GOING TO A WEDDING?

OH, HELLO, SIR! I'M AWFULLY SORRY I LOST MY HEAD!

YOU SEE, MR. STARR DIED A LITTLE WHILE AGO...AND I'M NOT MYSELF! THE RELATIVES ARE GATHERED RIGHT NOW FOR THE WILL READING!

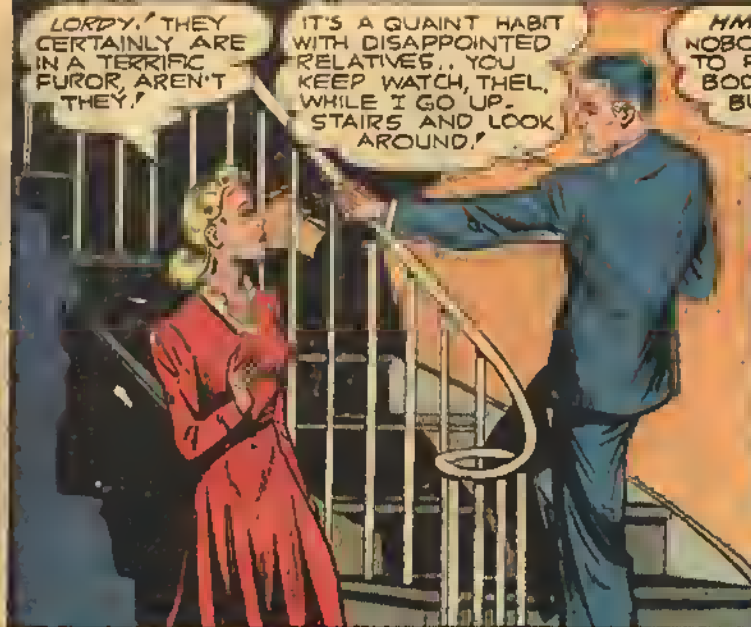
HMM.. SIMON STARR THE QUEER RECLUSE DEAD, EH? MIND IF WE GO IN? THIS YOUNG LADY IS A REPORTER AND THIS MIGHT MAKE A STORY FOR HER!

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WE ALL KNOW MY UNCLE HAD MONEY! THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS!

WELL YOU FIND IT THEN! AS HIS LAWYER I KNOW HE KEPT ~~NOTHING~~ IN THE BANK, AND THERE ISN'T EVEN A WILL DRAWN

ME TO EXECUTE !!!

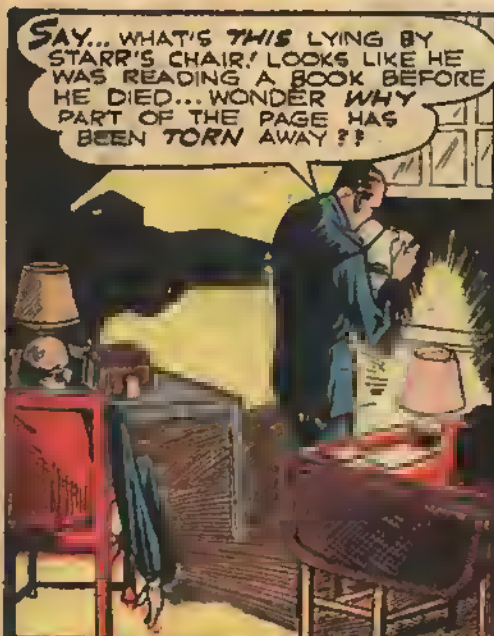
IT'S A TRICK! THAT OLD MISER HID HIS MONEY, AND IT'S UP TO YOU TO FIND IT!



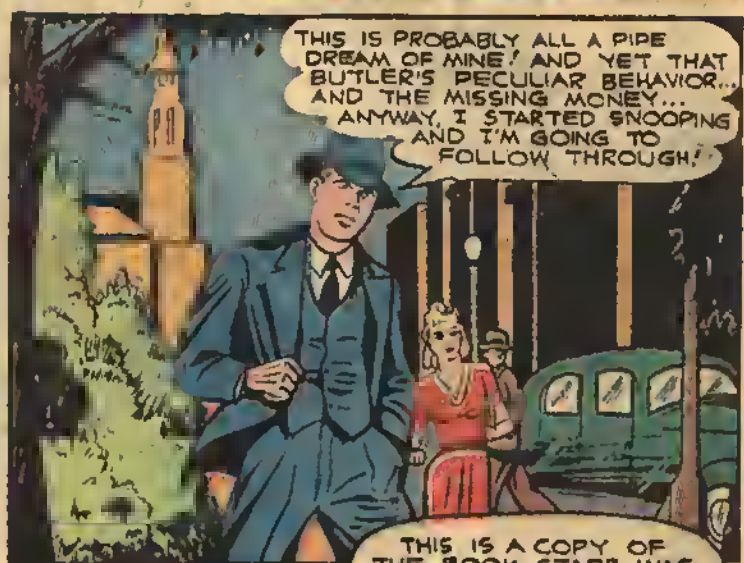
LORDY! THEY CERTAINLY ARE IN A TERRIFIC FUROR, AREN'T THEY?

IT'S A QUAINT HABIT WITH DISAPPOINTED RELATIVES.. YOU KEEP WATCH, THEL, WHILE I GO UP- STAIRS AND LOOK AROUND!

HMM... FUNNY NOBODY GOT AROUND TO PREPARE THE BODY FOR THE BURIAL!

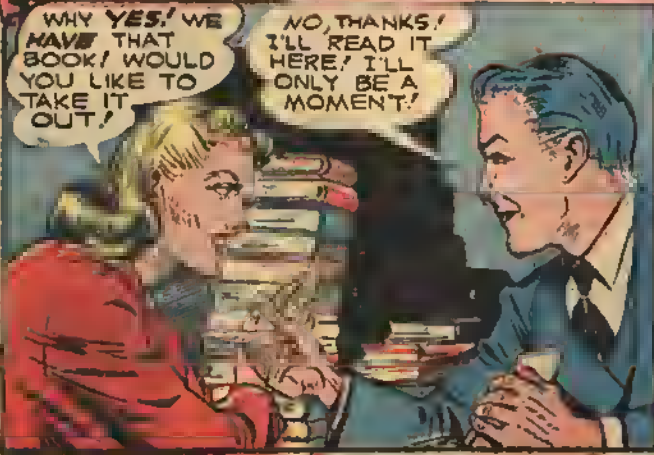


SAY... WHAT'S THIS LYING BY STARR'S CHAIR? LOOKS LIKE HE WAS READING A BOOK BEFORE HE DIED... WONDER WHY PART OF THE PAGE HAS BEEN TORN AWAY??



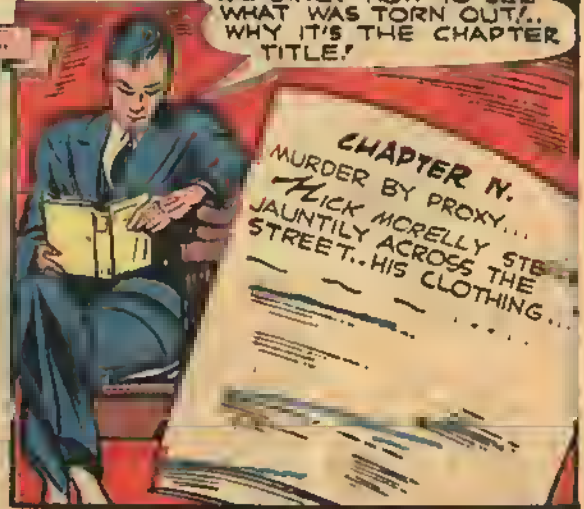
THIS IS PROBABLY ALL A PIPE DREAM OF MINE! AND YET THAT BUTLER'S PECULIAR BEHAVIOR... AND THE MISSING MONEY... ANYWAY, I STARTED SNOOPING AND I'M GOING TO FOLLOW THROUGH!

AND SO SOMETIME LATER.. IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY..



WHY YES! WE HAVE THAT BOOK! WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE IT OUT?

NO, THANKS! I'LL READ IT HERE! I'LL ONLY BE A MOMENT!



CHAPTER IV.
MURDER BY PROXY...
FLICK MORELLEY STE
JAUNTILY ACROSS THE
STREET.. HIS CLOTHING...

MURDER BY PROXY,
EH? THAT MIGHT
MEAN SOMETHING!..
AND THE HANGMAN'S
GOING TO FIND OUT
JUST WHAT!

SOME TIME LATER...

I THOUGHT I'D
NEVER HAVE A CHANCE
TO GET OFF ALONE WITH
THIS SUIT!

SUDDENLY..

THE...
THE...
HANGMAN'S
NOOSE!

PANIC-STRICKEN, THE BUTLER
BOLTS FOR THE DOOR...

WORRIES YOU DOESN'T IT?
IT MIGHT FIT NICELY AROUND
YOUR NECK... FOR THE
MURDER OF SIMON
STARR!!

TAKE THAT,
HANGMAN!!

WITH THE HANGMAN IN HOT PURSUIT...

HE DUCKED
THROUGH
THIS
DOOR!

BUT AS THE BUTLER
CONTINUES HIS FLIGHT
HE STUMBLES, AND...

I'M NOT
HAVING ANY
TODAY, MISTER!

STAY AWAY
FROM ME,
HANGMAN,
OR I'LL
BRAIN YOU!

AND NOW YOU'RE
GOING TO
CONFESS, OR...

Y.. YES!
STARR WAS
MURDERED!
BUT IT WASN'T
MY IDEA! I
SWEAR IT!!
IT WAS...

SUDDENLY, THE
ROOM IS PLUNGED
INTO BLACKNESS,
AND...

WHEN THE HANGMAN
TURNS ON THE LIGHTS AGAIN

Ooo! WOTTA
WALLOP! GREAT
SCOTT!!
MURDERED..
AND THE SUIT'S
GONE....

CRASH

THE MURDERER
DIDN'T HAVE MUCH
TIME FOR A
GET AWAY!
WHO'S THAT
DISAPPEARING
DOWN TH
HALL??

HANGMAN..
IS SOMETHING
WRONG?

STARR'S NEPHEW!
WHAT WERE YOU
RUNNING
DOWN THE
CORRIDOR,
FOR? DO
YOU KNOW
ANYTHING
ABOUT THE
BUTLER'S
MURDER
???

OO LORD.. OF COURSE
NOT! I WAS HURRYING
BECAUSE I THOUGHT
MY PHONE WAS RINGING!

HMM...MAYBE...
COME ON DOWNSTAIRS
WITH ME!

THE HANGMAN GATHERS
THE ENTIRE HOUSEHOLD
TOGETHER...

THERE'S A MURDERER AMONGST US!
HE'S KILLED THE BUTLER, AND
PERHAPS SIMON
STARR!

WHAT
??

BUT STARR DIED
OF HEART FAILURE,
DR. CARSON CAN
TESTIFY TO THAT!

NEVERTHELESS
WE'LL HAVE TO CALL
THE POLICE, AT
ONCE!

THANKS VERY MUCH, DR.
CARSON, FOR PHONING! WE
NEED COMPLETE COOPERATION
AT THIS STAGE OF THE GAME!


THE POLICE WON'T
BE ABLE TO GET HERE
FOR AWHILE! I SUGGEST
WE ALL GO TO OUR ROOMS,
AND LOCK OURSELVES IN..
FOR SAFETY'S SAKE!

GOOD IDEA,
DR. CARSON!

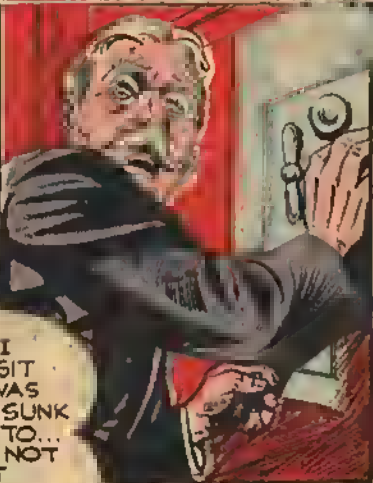
THE HANGMAN
IS RIGHT! THE
POLICE SHOULD
BE NOTIFIED! I
MIGHT HAVE BEEN
WRONG IN MY
DIAGNOSIS!

SOME TIME LATER A
FIGURE STEALTHILY
CREEPS INTO ONE
OF THE ROOMS...
BENT ON ...

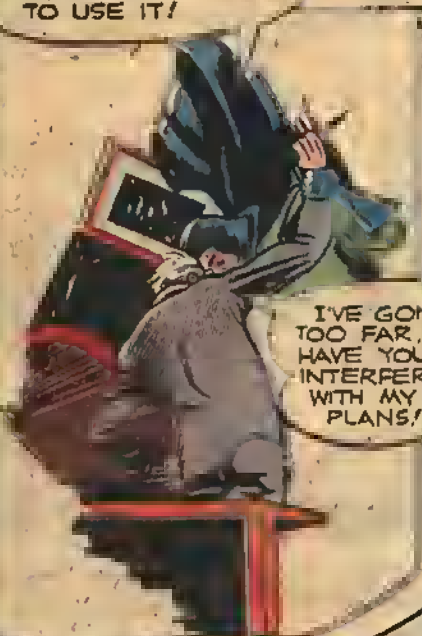
MURDER!!



STARTLED BY A NOISE,
THE MURDERER TURNS...
HIS FACE IS CAUGHT BY
THE HALF LIGHT AND HE
STANDS REVEALED AS...

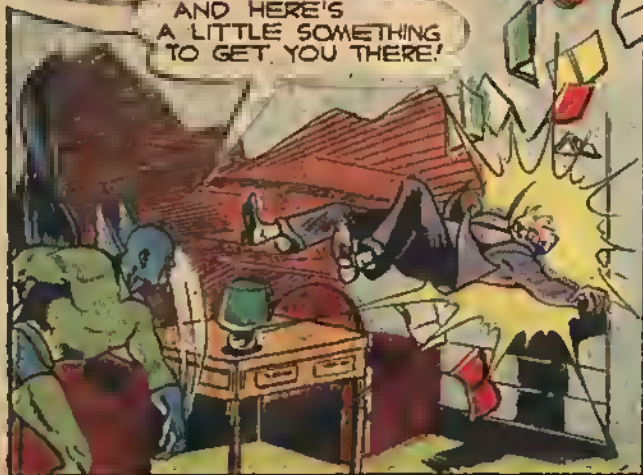


NO, CARSON! I
EXPECTED A VISIT
FROM YOU! IT WAS
A **DUMMY** YOU SUNK
YOUR KNIFE INTO...
AND YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO GET
ANOTHER CHANCE
TO USE IT!



I'VE GONE
TOO FAR, TO
HAVE YOU
INTERFERE
WITH MY
PLANS!

AND HERE'S
A LITTLE SOMETHING
TO GET YOU THERE!



DR. CARSON!
I KNEW IT
WAS YOU!

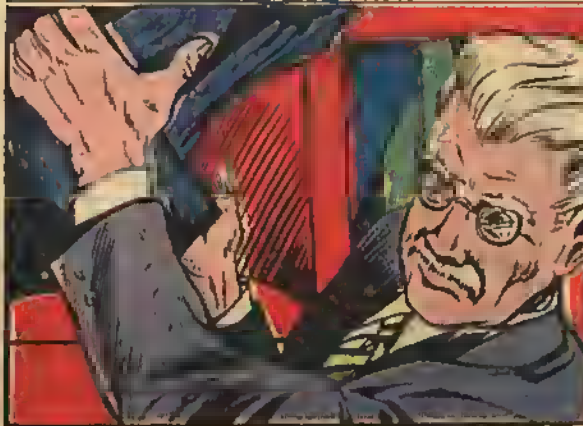
HANGMAN,
BLAST YOU! I JUST
PUT A KNIFE THROUGH
YOU!!



NO, CARSON, YOU
HAVEN'T GONE FAR ENOUGH!
YOUR LAST STOP IS THE
GALLOWS!!



FRANTIC WITH FEAR, DR. CARSON QUICKLY
SCAMPERS TO HIS LEFT, REACHES FOR
A STATUETTE, AND...





NOW, HANGMAN,
THE TABLES ARE
TURNED, AND...



... I'M GOING TO
SEE THEY STAY
THAT WAY!!



CONFOUND HIM! HE'S
AS TOUGH AS NAILS!
ALL RIGHT, I'LL TAKE
CARE OF HIM...



...WITH THIS
POKER!

CRASH



I'LL FINISH YOU
OFF PERMANENTLY,
HANGMAN...
AS SOON AS
I GET WHAT
I CAME
AFTER!



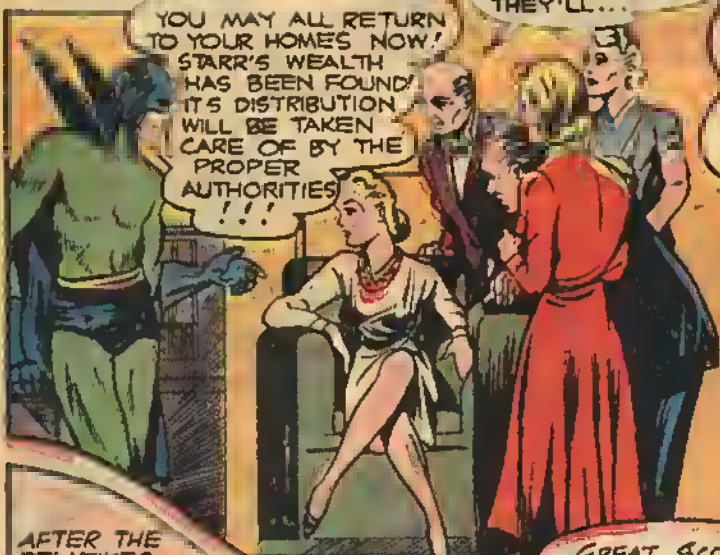
**OPEN!... I'VE
OUTWITTED YOU,
SIMON STARR! YOUR
WEALTH IS MINE AT
LAST! ALL MINE!**



BUT AS THE AVARICIOUS FINGERS OF DR. CARSON REACH INTO THE SAFE, THERE IS A BLINDING FLASH... A WILD SHRIEK OF PAIN FROM SEARED LIPS AND...



ELECTROCUTED!...
THAT SAFE WAS WIRED WITH THOUSANDS OF VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY! I'LL GET THE REST OF THE FAMILY TOGETHER AND TELL THEM... **THE CASE IS CLOSED!**

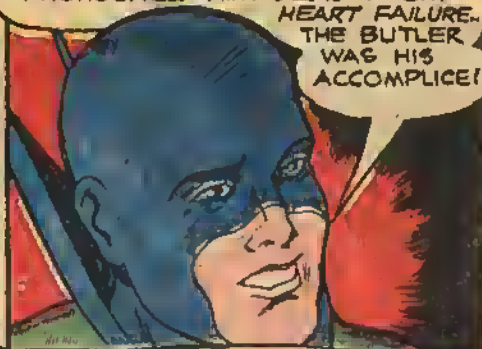


YOU MAY ALL RETURN TO YOUR HOMES NOW! STARR'S WEALTH HAS BEEN FOUND! ITS DISTRIBUTION WILL BE TAKEN CARE OF BY THE PROPER AUTHORITIES!!!

BUT THE POLICE! THEY'LL...

THEY'LL NEVER COME! NOT AT LEAST UNTIL I CALL THEM! THAT PHONE CARSON USED WAS DEAD! FORTUNATELY I'D SEEN THE WIRES IN THIS HOUSE HAD BEEN CUT BEFORE THEN, AND WHEN I SAW THE DOCTOR PRETEND TO SPEAK INTO IT, I KNEW HE WAS THE MURDERER! HE HAD **POISONED** STARR, AND THEN TRIED TO PRONOUNCE HIM DEAD FROM...

HEART FAILURE... THE BUTLER WAS HIS ACCOMPLICE!



AFTER THE RELATIVES LEAVE, THE HANGMAN ONCE AGAIN BECOMES BOB PICKERING...

ONLY THING I STILL DON'T GET, THEL IS, WHY CARSON AND THE BUTLER WERE SO OBVIOUSLY DESPERATE TO GET THIS SUIT!

BOB! JUST LOOK AT THESE BUTTONS! SUCH A SLOPPY JOB OF SEWING!

GREAT SCOTT, THEL, YOU'VE HIT ON IT! THOSE BUTTONS WERE DELIBERATELY SEWED THAT WAY!

THE THREADS REPRESENT NUMBERS! NUMBERS TO THE COMBINATION OF STARR'S SAFE! CARSON KNEW WHERE THAT SAFE WAS HIDDEN... BUT HE DIDN'T KNOW THE COMBINATION! STARR WAS AN INGENIOUS DEVIL, ALL RIGHT!



LOOK FOR THIS TRADEMARK:



FEATURING
THE SHIELD

FEATURING
STEEL STERLING

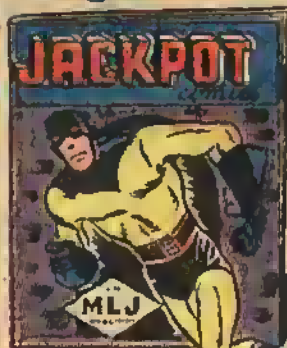
FEATURING
THE HANGMAN



FEATURING
THE SHIELD AND
THE WIZARD



FEATURING
POKEY
OAKY



FEATURING
THE
BLACK
HOOD



FEATURING
ARCHIE
THE MIRTH OF
A NATION

THE

BOY-BUDDIES

SPECIAL CASE No. 12

Roy and Dusty

BIFF

BAM



THE DAY
WE FIND
ROY AND
DUSTY SIT-
TING IN THEIR
ROOM WHEN
SUDDENLY----

WELL I'LL
BE!

SOME-
BODY THREW
A ROCK OR
SOMETHING!

ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN
THAT CERTAIN* CHARACTER
IN THIS STORY IS PURELY
NONFICTIONAL AND DE-
LIBERATELY INTENTION-
AL!

WHAT'S GOING TO HAR-
PEN TO HIM SHOULD
HAPPEN TO A DOG ----
ANYWAY OUR BOY BUD-
DIES WERE CONFRONTED
BY THEIR MOST FAN-
TAS TIC ADVENTURES ----
MAYBE IT HAPPENED AND
MAYBE IT DIDN'T! BUT WE
CAN DREAM, CAN'T WE?

THERE'S A PIECE OF
PAPER WRAPPED
AROUND THE ROCK! IT
SAYS, "GO TO THE OLD
WAREHOUSE ON THE
CORNER OF CHESTNUT
AND VINE STREETS
AND YOU'LL FIND
THE GREATEST SUR-
PRISE OF YOUR LIFE!"

CRASH

LOOKS LIKE SOME-
BODY'S PLAYING A
JOKE ON US!

AW, COME ON,
ROY, AND LET'S
FIND OUT!

WELL THERE
IS THE WARE-
HOUSE! PERFECT
SETTING FOR A
MURDER, EH?

NOTHING IN
HERE, BUT AN
OLD TRUNK!

LET'S TAKE
A LOOK AT
IT!

PUSH A LITTLE
HARDER, ROY!
WILL YOU?

THIS IS A
SURPRISE!
**WHY IT'S
HITLER!**

GLUBB!
GLUBB!

TAKE IT
EASY! OUSTY
MAYBE THIS GUY
IS A **FAKE!!**

THE MUSTACHE
IS **REAL!!**

LET'S TAKE
THE TAPE
OFF HIS
MOUTH AND
SEE WHAT HE
HAS TO SAY!

**LABST
MICH
HERAUS,
IHR IDIOT-
EN! TRAN-
SLATION: GET
ME OUTTA
THIS JOINT.**

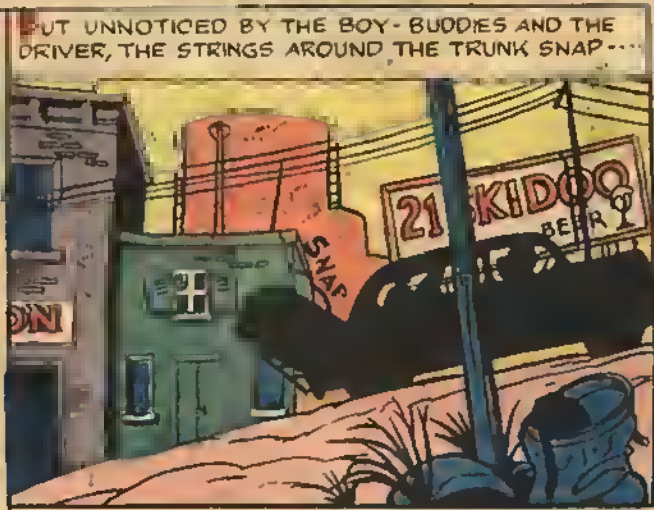
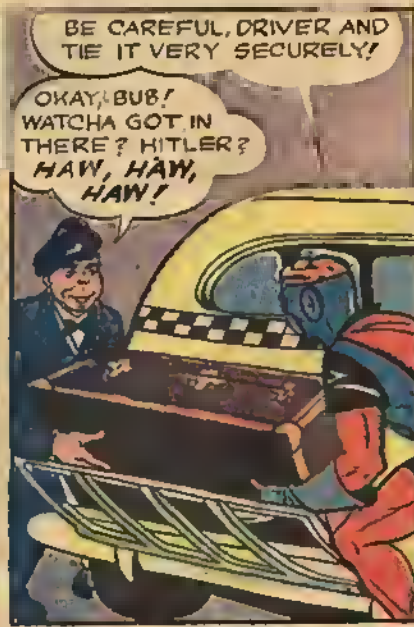
HE SOUNDS
LIKE HIM
ALL RIGHT!

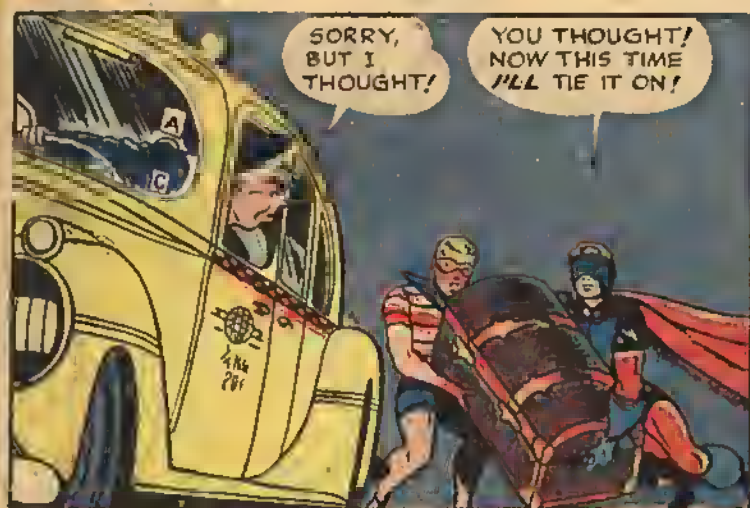
SURE, SURE, PAL
JUST RELAX...
THESE PAPERS I
FOUND ON HIM.
SAY IT'S HIM
ALL
RIGHT!

AND RE-
MEMBER
THE NEWS
ON THE RADIO
LAST NIGHT
THAT HITLER WAS
UNABLE TO
MAKE A SPEECH!

LET'S GET HIM OUT OF
HERE AS FAST AS POSSIBLE!

BOY-OH-BOY
WHAT A
CATCH!





SORRY,
BUT I
THOUGHT!

YOU THOUGHT!
NOW THIS TIME
I'LL TIE IT ON!



THANKS, BOYS,
S'LONG! DON'T
TAKE ANY WOODEN
NICKELS! HAW,
HAW, HAW!



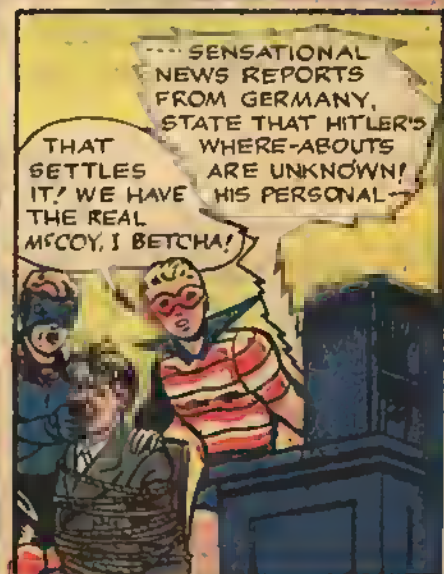
NOW WHAT ARE
WE GOIN TO DO
WITH HIM! WHAT
EVER IT IS
IT'LL BE TOO
GOOD!

PUT HIM
DOWN HERE,
AND UNTIE
HIM! HE MU
HAVE HAD A
BOUNCING
RIDE!



HR LUMMEL
LASST MICH
SOFORT LOS!
TRANSLATION
DOPE'S I
WANNA GO
HOME!

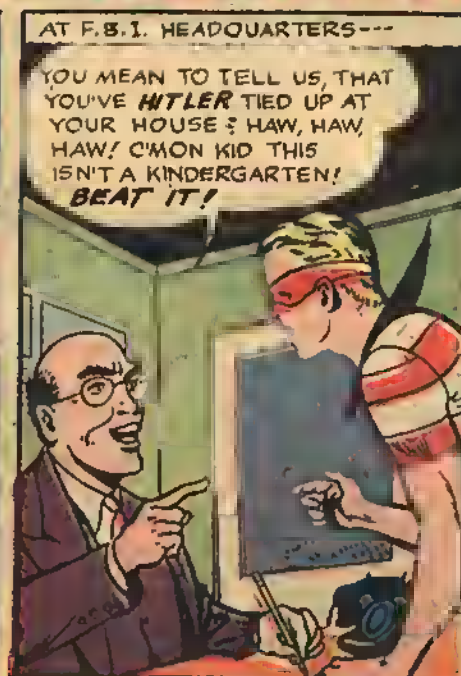
SHUT UP!
AND LET ME
THINK, WILL
YA?



SENSATIONAL
NEWS REPORTS
FROM GERMANY,
STATE THAT HITLER'S
WHEREABOUTS
ARE UNKNOWN!
HIS PERSONAL--
THAT
SETTLES
IT! WE HAVE
THE REAL
MCCOY, I BETCHA!



WATCH OUT, FOR
SCHICKLGRUBER,
WHILE I INFORM
THE AUTHORITIES!
BOY, WILL THEY
BE SURPRISED!



AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS---

YOU MEAN TO TELL US, THAT
YOU'VE **HITLER** TIED UP AT
YOUR HOUSE? HAW, HAW,
HAW! C'MON KID THIS
ISN'T A KINDERGARTEN!
BEAT IT!



THAT'S IT!
A NEWSPAPER
OUGHT TO BE
INTERESTED IN
THIS! THIS IS
NEWS, ISN'T IT?



WE DON'T KNOW HOW HE GOT HERE, BUT IT'S HIM, MUSTACHE AND ALL!

YEAH?



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MEET MARVELO, THE MAN WHO CAPTURED ADOLF HITLER, SINGLE HANDED!

HAW!
HAW!
HAW!

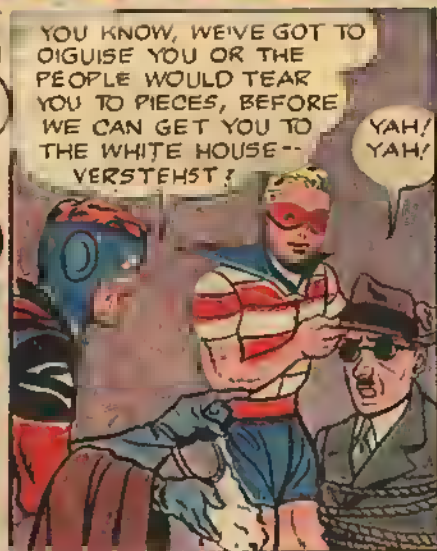


WELL, HOW'D Y'MAKE OUT, ROY?

TERRIBLE! NO-BODY BELIEVES WE HAVE HITLER!



ROY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! YOU KNOW THEY HAVE TO BELIEVE US IF WE CAN PROVE THAT WE'VE GOT HIM!



YOU KNOW, WE'VE GOT TO OIGUISE YOU OR THE PEOPLE WOULD TEAR YOU TO PIECES, BEFORE WE CAN GET YOU TO THE WHITE HOUSE-- VERSTEHST?

YAH!
YAH!



JUST ACT NATURAL AND WE'LL TAKE YOU TO THE PRESIDENT IN "VASHINGDON"!



THAT FELLOW LOOKS FAMILIAR TO ME! MUST HAVE SEEN HIM BEFORE----

STALIN?

MONTY WOOLEY?

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW?

SANTA CLAUS?

HENRY VIII?



ONLY HALF AN HOUR LATER.

WHY OF COURSE, IT'S **HITLER!!**

MORTIMER ARE YOU CRAZY --- HALP, POLICE, MY POOR HUSBAND'S GONE CRAZY!

DIESE LAUSE JUNGEN HABEN
VOR, MICH DEM POBEL AUSZU
LIEFERN AUßER ICH WERDE
SIE ENTTAUSCHEN ----
ENGLISH TRANSLATION: I'LL
SCRAM!

HEY! COME BACK!
WHY YOU @#\$!%&!

IN A MAD DASH, THE DISGUISED
HITLER DISAPPEARS INTO THE
FROLICKING CROWDS AT A NEAR-
BY AMUSEMENT PARK ----

WELCOME
FOLKS!

SOCK HIM
GET A HIT
FUEHRER'S
RIGHT IN THE
FACE!!
10 CHANCES TO HIT 10 HI

HEY, DUSTY,
LOOK TEN OF
THEM! I'LL BET
HE'S ONE OF THEM
LET'S LOOK AT
THE BACK!

YEAH, BUT
WHICH ONE IS IT?
THEY ALL LOOK
ALIKE FROM
THE BACK!

WE'LL
SOON FIND
OUT! IF MY
TRICK WORKS!

HEIL
HITLER!

HEIL!

THAT'S
HIM!

---AND AGAIN HITLER ELUDES HIS RELENTLESS PURSUERS---



INSIDE THE THEATER, IT'S AMATEUR NIGHT!

AND NOW INCHY WINCHY CRINCHY DOGFOOD, PRESENTS AS ITS NEXT CONTESTANT, JOE GLUBB, IMPERSONATOR OF FAMOUS PEOPLE--



IT SEEMS I ARRIVED JUST IN TIME FOR A POLITICAL MEETING! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO MAKE A SPEECH!

AMONG HIS IMPERSONATIONS IS--- WE'LL SEE FOR YOURSELF!

HEIL!

PHZZZZ



PRETTY GOOD, EH?

AMERIKANER VOLKS-GENOSSEN ICH BIN HEUTE ABEND----

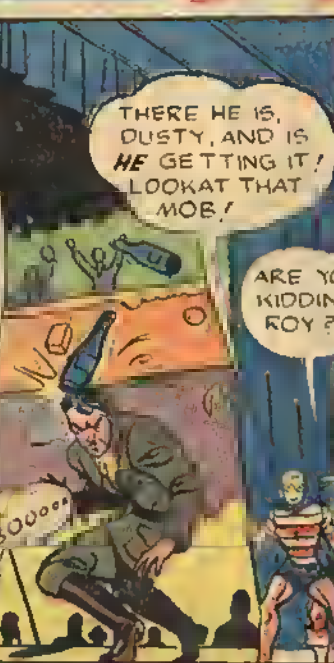


BUT HIS VERY CRITICAL AUDIENCE DOES NOT SEEM TO APPRECIATE HIS PERFORMANCE! THEY THINK HE IS NO GOOD AND MAKE NO BONES ABOUT IT!



THERE HE IS, DUSTY, AND IS HE GETTING IT! LOOK AT THAT MOB!

ARE YOU KIDDIN, ROY?



COME ON LET'S GET HIM OUT OF HERE. BUT QUICK!

BOY DOES HE SMELL!



AFTER THE BOY BUDDIES DRAGGED HIM OUT OF THE THEATER ----

THAT'S FOR BEING A LOUSY ACTOR!

AND THAT'S FOR RUNNING AWAY!

DUSTY, THERE'S OUR CHANCE TO GET RID OF HIM, ONCE AND FOR ALL ---- WE'LL FLY HIM BACK TO GERMANY!

HURRY UP BEFORE HE COMES TO, AND BEFORE THE OWNER OF THIS PLANE COMES BACK!

WO BIN ICH?

YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY BACK, WHERE YOU CAME FROM!

HOURS LATER THE PLANE REACHES THE COAST OF FRANCE ---

NOW YOU'LL PUT ON THIS PARACHUTE AND JUMP! VERSTAHT?

OUT YOU GO! HEIL HEEL!

HEY! DUSTY, YOU MADE A MISTAKE! YOU GAVE HIM THE **KNAPSACK** INSTEAD OF THE PARACHUTE!

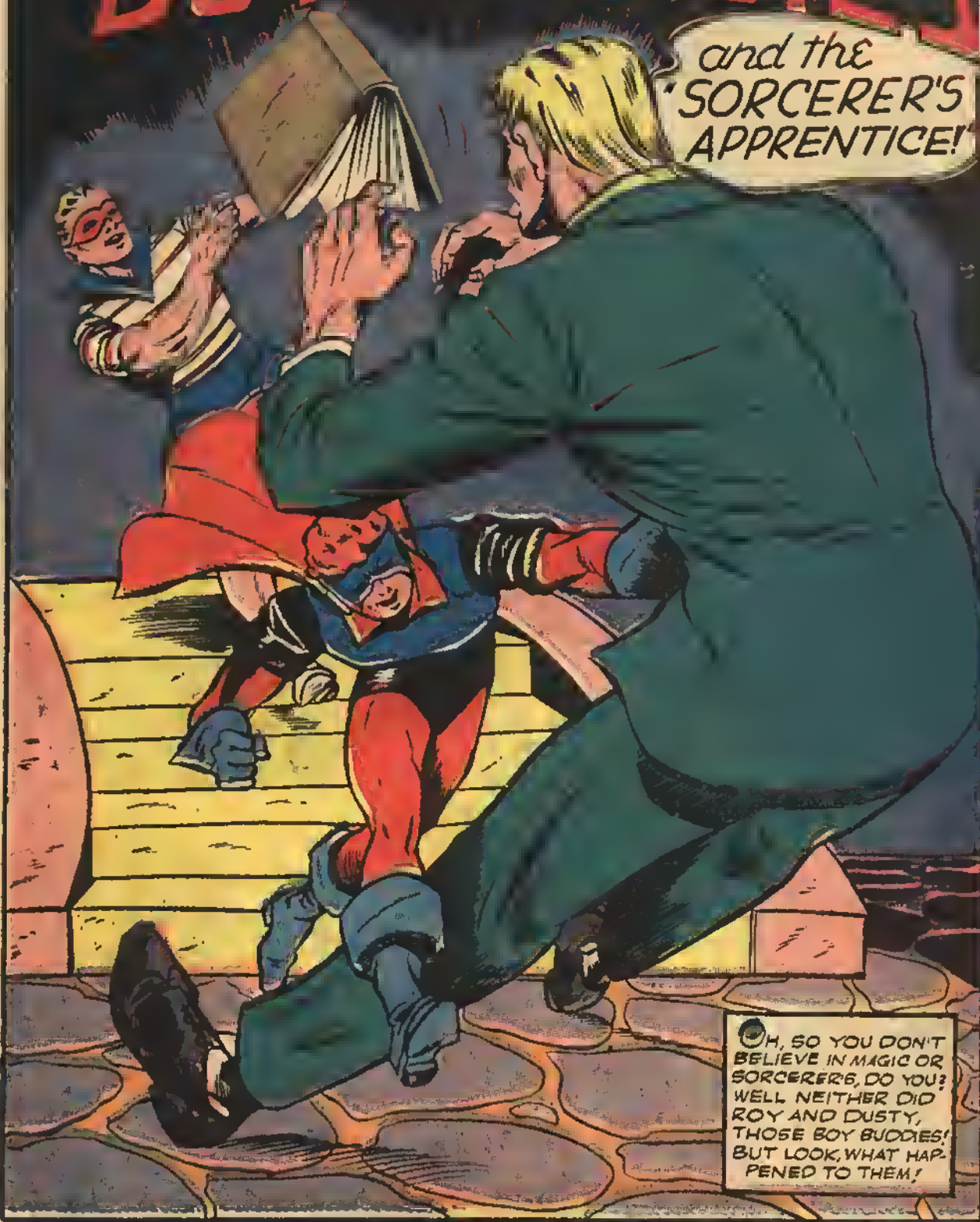
WELL DEAR READER WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE WITH HIM? ---- SEND US YOUR SUGGESTIONS AND WE'LL GIVE YOU A PRIZE FOR THE MOST ORIGINAL ANSWERS! SO WRITE TO US: BOY BUDDIES, 160 WEST BROADWAY, RM 315 N. Y. C.!

THE END --- OF HIM. WE HOPE!

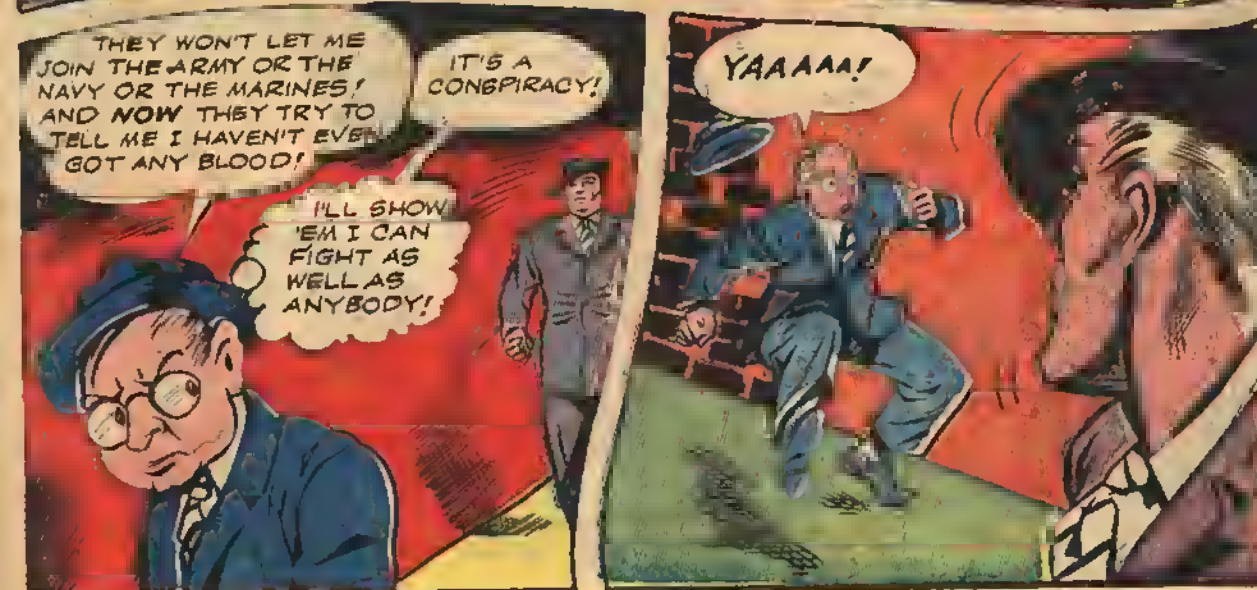
THE

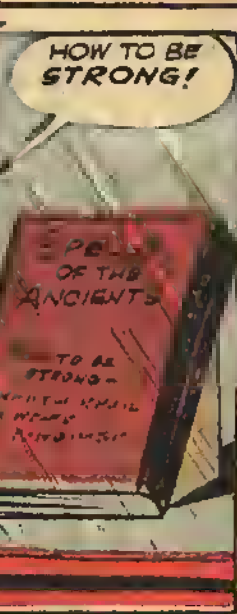
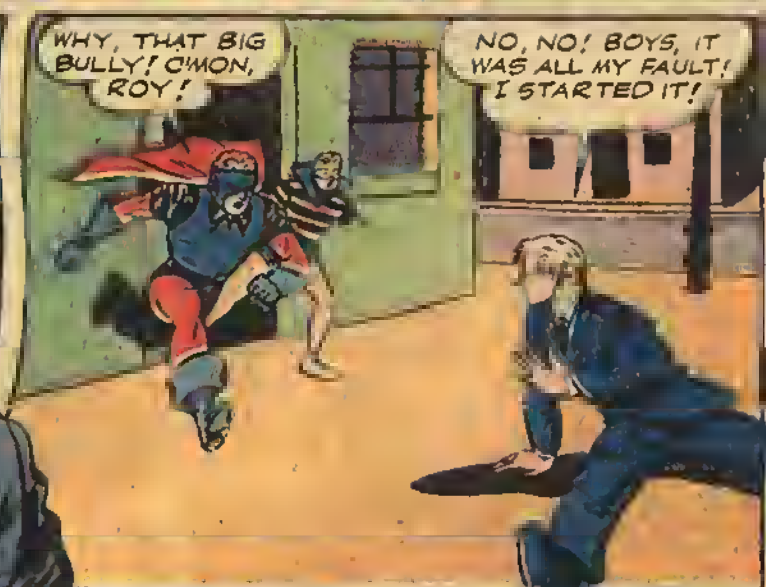
BOY BUDDIES

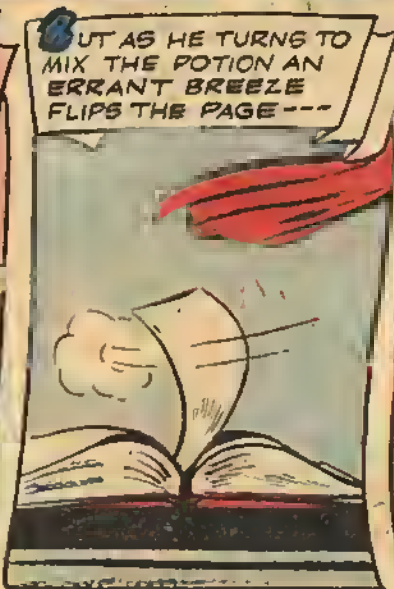
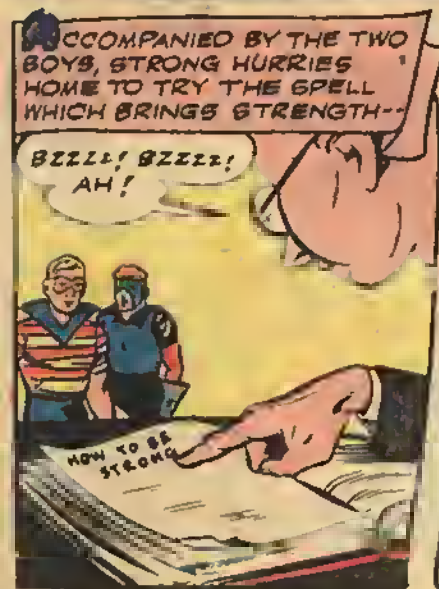
and the
SORCERER'S
APPRENTICE!



OH, SO YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN MAGIC OR SORCERERS, DO YOU? WELL NEITHER DID ROY AND DUSTY, THOSE BOY BUDDIES! BUT LOOK, WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM!







NOW!

GULP!

LOOK!

GOOD HEAVENS!

WHY - WHAT'S THE
MATTER? WHY ARE YOU
LOOKING AT ME LIKE
THAT?

WHY? YOU'RE
TURNING INTO
A DOG!

A DOG? WOOF!
WHY THAT'S IM-
POSSIBLE! WOOF,
WOOF!

WOOF!
WOOF!

QUICK! GET THE BOOK!
MAYBE WE CAN CHANGE
HIM BACK!

YES! YES!
THE BOOK!

THE BOOK! ---
WELL I'LL BE --
IT'S GONE!



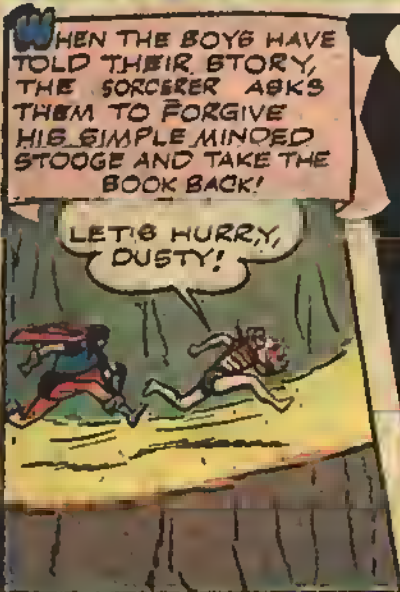


HOLD!



WHAT DO YE HERE
IN MY CASTLE? STEAL-
ING MY BOOK!

YOUR BOOK!
LISTEN, THAT
LACKEY OF YOURS
STOLE THAT
BOOK FROM A
FRIEND OF OURS!



WHEN THE BOYS HAVE
TOLD THEIR STORY,
THE SORCERER ASKS
THEM TO FORGIVE
HIS SIMPLE MINDED
STOOGES AND TAKE THE
BOOK BACK!

LET'S HURRY,
DUSTY!



STRONG - MR. STRONG!
WHERE ARE YOU?



HE'S GONE!

QUICKLY THE BOY BUD-
DIES RUN TO THE LANDLADY.

WHAT? THE DOG? WHY,
I GAVE HIM TO THE ARMY!
YOU KNOW, THE WAGS!
I CAN'T HAVE DOGG
IN MY HOUSE!

THANKS!

HURRY, ROY! WE
MAY STILL BE
IN TIME!

THERE
HE IS!

U.S. ARMY P

YOU SLIP OVER
AND TALK TO HIM!
I'LL WAIT HERE!

O.K.!

HELLO THERE!
HOW DID YOU MAKE
OUT WITH THE
BOOK?

OH, THE SORCERER!
WELL, DUSTY'G IN
THERE NOW, STRONG'S
LANDLADY GAVE HIM
TO THE WAGS!

HERE HE COMES
NOW!

U.S. ARMY

WELL YOU MIGHT
AS WELL GIVE THE
SORCERER THE
BOOK!

WHAT?
WHY?

WELL, STRONG SAYS NOW THAT
HE'S FINALLY IN THE ARMY HE'S
GONNA STAY IN, EVEN IF HE
HAS TO REMAIN A DOG
TO DO IT!

INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAKING THE "SILENT BIRDMAN"

HERE'S A SIMPLE LITTLE OUTDOOR GLIDER THAT ANYBODY CAN BUILD IN A FEW HOURS! ALL THAT IS NEEDED IS A RAZOR, SMOOTH SANDPAPER, AND BALSA WOOD OF THE MEASUREMENTS CALLED FOR ON THE PLAN!

THE FIRST STEP IS TO TRACE THE TOP VIEW OF THE WINGS ON A SHEET OF BALSA WOOD $\frac{1}{8}$ " THICK! SINCE THE WINGS ARE MADE IN HALVES, CUT ONE WING PANEL AT A TIME! SAND THE TOP SURFACES OF THE WINGS SO THAT THEIR PROFILE IS LIKE THAT OF THE WING SECTION! (SEE DRAWING) THE CURVE OF THE WING MUST BE UNIFORM THROUGHOUT!

THE TAIL AND RUDDER ARE CUT TO SHAPE FROM $\frac{1}{16}$ " THICKNESS SHEET BALSA! FRONT AND REAR EDGES ARE TAPERED FOR STREAMLINING!

THE FUSELAGE IS CARVED FROM A STRIP OF HARD BALSA MEASURING $\frac{1}{4}$ " THICK, $\frac{1}{2}$ " DEEP AND 11" LONG! TRIM TO THE

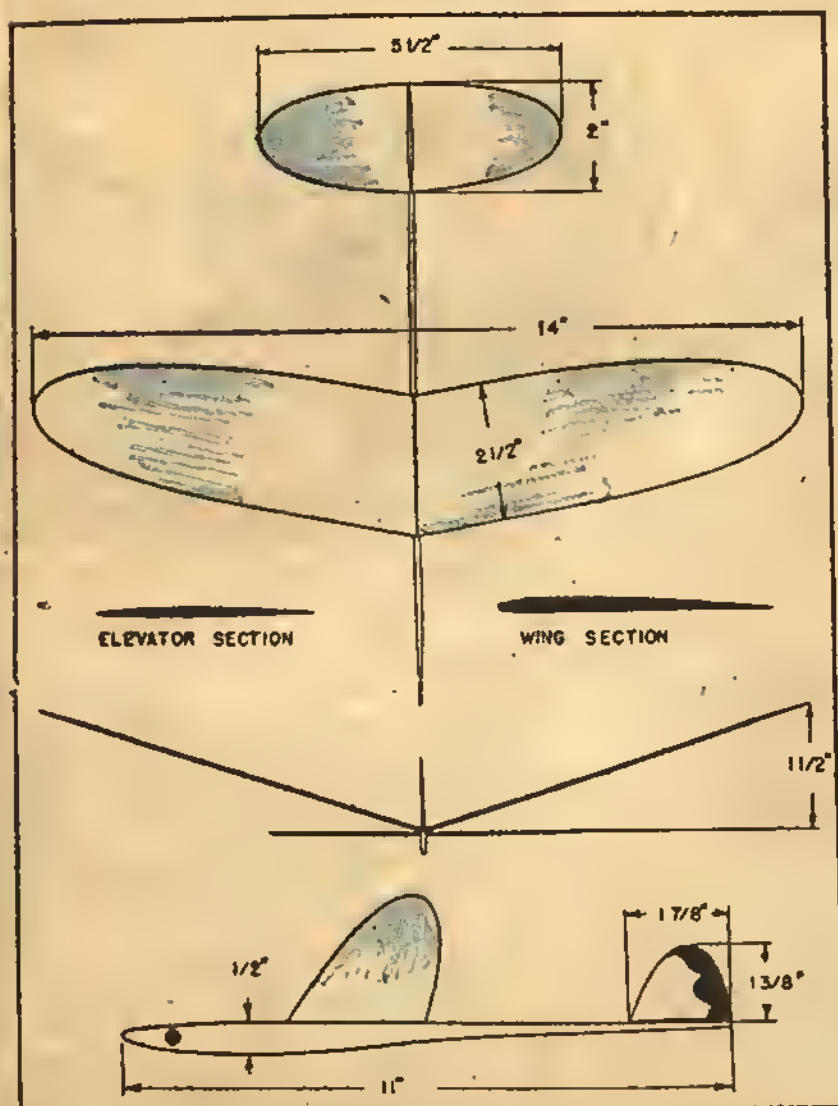
SHAPE SHOWN AND SAND SMOOTHLY!

ASSEMBLE THE MODEL BY GLUEING THE WINGS IN THE POSITION SHOWN AND RAISING EACH WING TIP TO A HEIGHT OF $1\frac{1}{2}$ ". PLACE BLOCKS UNDER THE EXTREME TIPS TO HOLD GLUED WINGS IN POSITION UNTIL GLUE HARDENS! PLACE A COAT OF GLUE DIRECTLY OVER THE JOINING WINGS!

WHEN THE WINGS HAVE HARDENED INTO POSITION, ATTACH THE TAIL PARTS WITH THE RUDDER AFTER THE HORIZONTAL TAIL HAS DRIED IN PLACE!

TO FLY OUTDOORS, ADD SOME SOFT CLAY TO THE NOSE AROUND THE POSITION MARKED WITH A CIRCLE AS SHOWN ON THE PLANS.

ADD OR DETRACT AMOUNT OF CLAY IN ORDER TO MAKE MODEL FLY IN A NICE LONG EVEN GLIDE!



the HANGMAN'S

HERMANN
GOERING



✱ 1942 ✱

✱ 1940 ✱

✱ 1938 ✱

✱ 1935 ✱

✱ 1930 ✱

✱ 1927 ✱

✱ 1925 ✱

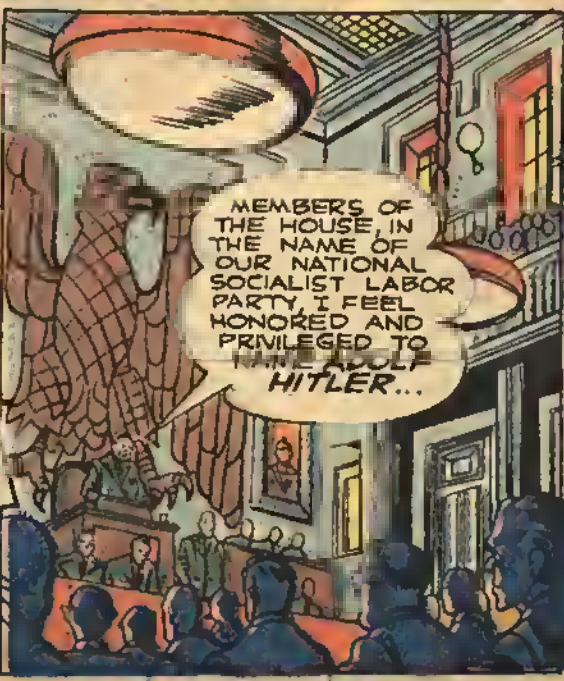
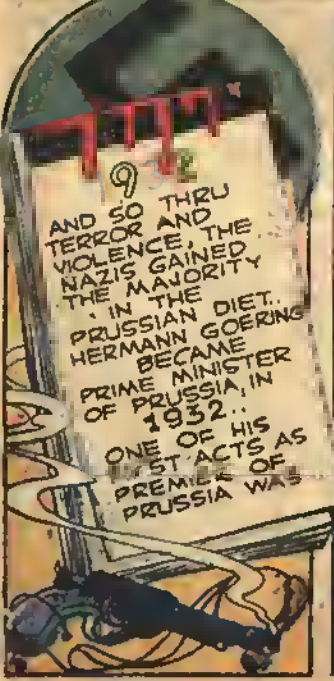
✱ 1921 ✱

THE YEAR OF 1921 THE PLACE
A MUNICH BEER CELLAR
WHERE WE FIND HITLER
SURROUNDED BY HIS HENCH-
MEN.. AMONG THEM THE
MAN GOERING..

YOU OFTEN WONDER WHAT MAKES
A NAZI THAT WAY... IT'S HALL OF
SHAME HAS DECIDED TO SHOW YOU
A FEW HIGHLIGHTS IN THE CAREER
OF A MAN, OR RATHER A HUMAN
MONSTER, **HERMANN GOERING**,
'HITLER'S HENCHMAN, NUMBER
ONE MAN.. A MAN WHO WORSHIPS
TERROR, VIOLENCE, AND DEATH.. THE
MAN OF A THOUSAND LIES.. A MAN
WORTHY FOR A PLACE OF **DISHONOR**
IN HANGMAN'S HALL OF SHAME..

PAUL REINMAN





IN 1933 HITLER WAS APPOINTED CHANCELLOR...

HERMANN, YOU KNOW VERY WELL WE WOULDN'T GET 50 PERCENT OF ALL THE VOTES UNLESS WE DO SOMETHING SPECTACULAR. I GOT IT! WE'LL BURN SOME IMPORTANT BUILDING, AND BLAME IT ON THE COMMUNISTS!!

MY FUHRER, THERE'S YOUR BUILDING! THE REICHSTAG!



WE HAD THIS TUNNEL BUILT IN UTMOST SECRECY! IT LEADS DIRECTLY TO THE REICHSTAG BUILDING!



THE SAME NIGHT...

THAT'S A SPLENDID IDEA, HERMANN!

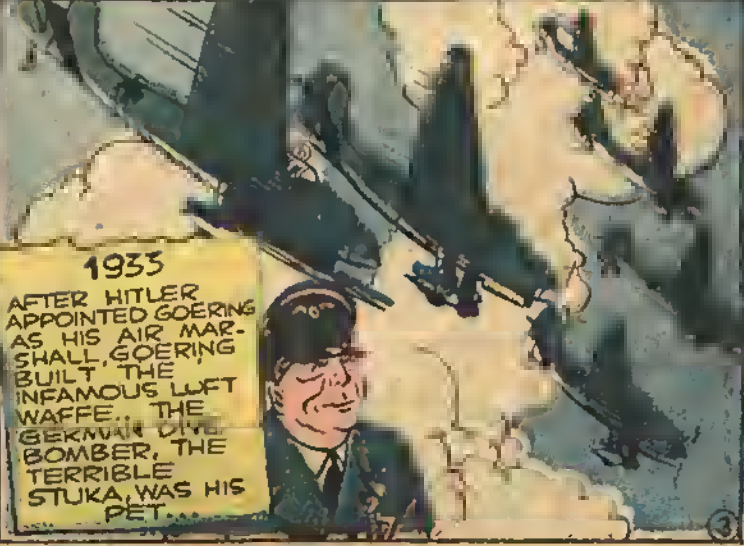


MACH SCHNELL, AND REMEMBER TO KEEP QUIET ABOUT IT!!

THE REICHSTAG-FIRE WAS BLAMED ON THE COMMUNISTS BY THE PROPAGANDA MACHINE, AND BROUGHT HITLER THE MAJORITY BY A VERY SMALL MARGIN OF 52 PERCENT OF ALL VOTES....



FOR AN EXCELLENT JOB HERR GOERING, I GIVE YOU THE SPECIAL DECORATION OF THE THIRD REICH!



1933
AFTER HITLER APPOINTED GOERING AS HIS AIR MARSHALL, GOERING BUILT THE INFAMOUS LUFT WAFFE. THE GERMAN DIVE BOMBER, THE TERRIBLE STUKA, WAS HIS PET...



HOLLAND HAD ALREADY SURRENDERED... THE SIGNING OF THESE PAPERS WILL STOP ALL FIGHTING BETWEEN OUR TWO COUNTRIES



BUT HOURS LATER IN THE CITY OF ROTTERDAM...

LOOK, HENDRIK GERMAN PLANES! I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!



MURDERERS, WE SHALL PAY YOU BACK SOME DAY YOU BARBARIANS!



WITHIN FEW MINUTES THE CITY WAS IN RUINS, WHILE BLOCKS WERE COMPLETELY RAZED, MORE THAN 30,000 PEOPLE MAIMED AND KILLED.

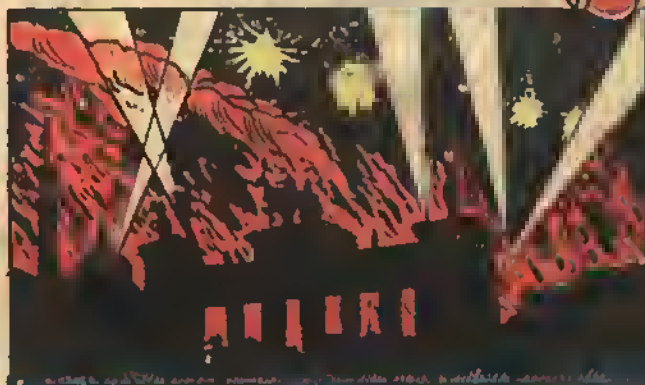
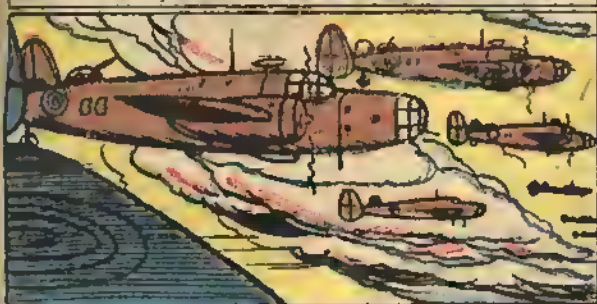


IN THE NAME OF THE NETHERLANDS I ACCUSE YOU OF BREAKING YOUR PROMISES! I'M SORRY, MEIN HERR BUT THE BOMBERS TOLD ME OFF BEFORE WE SIGNED THE PAPERS, AND I COULDN'T GO BACK!

BUT THE CRIME AGAINST
ROTTERDAM WAS NOT
THE ONLY ONE...
THERE WAS THE WAN-
TON AND RUTHLESS
BOMBINGS OF WARSAW
LONDON, CANTERBURY,
BELGRADE AND
COVENTRY. COVENTRY
WHICH WAS TO GIVE
THE WORLD A NEW
WORD FOR EXTER-
MINATING A CITY!
BUT GOERING
MADE A BLUNDER...
HE DID NOT COUNT
ON THE
R.A.F.

WARSAW
BELGRADE
LONDON
CANTERBURY
COVENTRY
ATHENS

WHEN THE R.A.F. GAVE BERLIN A TASTE OF
ITS OWN MEDICINE, THE NAZI BIS. SHOTS
LEFT TOWN, FOR A HEALTHIER CLIMATE...



I SHALL LEAVE
FOR THE EASTERN
FRONT, IMMEDIATELY!
HEIL HITLER!!



CHAUFFEUR, TURN
AROUND, DRIVE
TO MY HOME,
"KARIN-HALL".

JAWOHL,
HERR
GOERING!



GOERING ARRIVES AT HIS
"UNPRETENTIOUS" HOME TO
SEEK REFUGE FROM THE
BOMBING.





IT LOOKS BAD, THERE'S NO USE, DECEIVING MYSELF, WHAT SHALL I DO?



I GOT IT!



I HOPE NOBODY FINDS OUT!



DO YOU HAVE A LETTER ADDRESSED TO, GEORGE JONES, GENERAL DELIVERY?

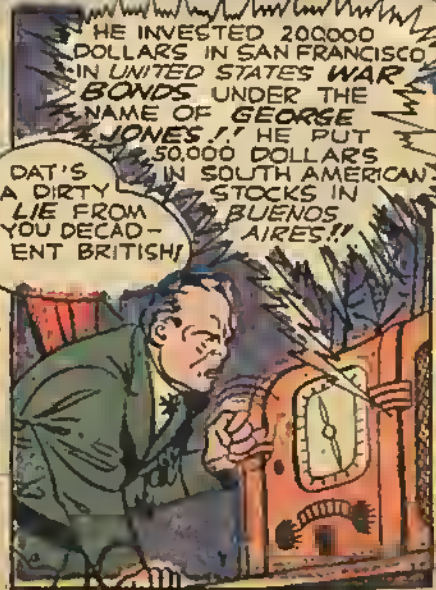
YES SIR, WE HAVE ONE!



Berlin, March 17
Dear George,
I believe it is time to put my money into foreign investments, as who knows what may happen over here - suggest you consider the United States War Bonds.
Yours Heil Hitler
Hermann Goering
Attached 20000 dollars...

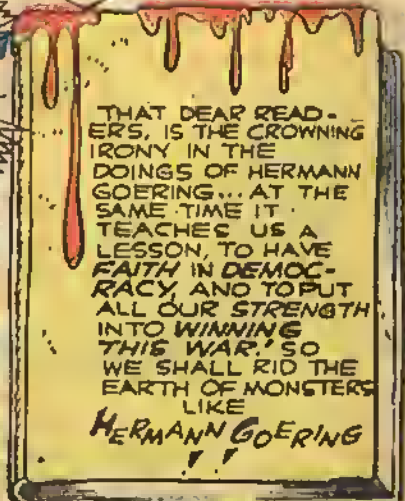


GERMAN PEOPLE!! WHILE YOU GO HUNGRY, YOUR FAT FRIEND HERMANN GOERING HAS PUT HIS MONEY IN A VERY SAFE PLACE, JUST IN CASE!



THAT'S A DIRTY LIE FROM YOU DECADENT BRITISH!

HE INVESTED 20000 DOLLARS IN SAN FRANCISCO IN UNITED STATES WAR BONDS UNDER THE NAME OF GEORGE JONES!! HE PUT 50,000 DOLLARS IN SOUTH AMERICAN STOCKS IN BUENOS AIRES!!



THAT DEAR READERS, IS THE CROWNING IRONY IN THE DOINGS OF HERMANN GOERING... AT THE SAME TIME IT TEACHES US A LESSON, TO HAVE FAITH IN DEMOCRACY, AND TO PUT ALL OUR STRENGTH INTO WINNING THIS WAR, SO WE SHALL RID THE EARTH OF MONSTERS LIKE
HERMANN GOERING

The End

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How to speak effectively in public
How to collect a debt
How to stop 300 mistakes in English?
How to get a loan?
How to set up a file system?
How to protect yourself against check chatters?
How to use figures magic-fast?
How to get an annuity?
The rules of bankruptcy?
The proper gift for any anniversary?
How the days got their names?
How the months got their names?
How to draw up a contract?
The different kinds of taxes?
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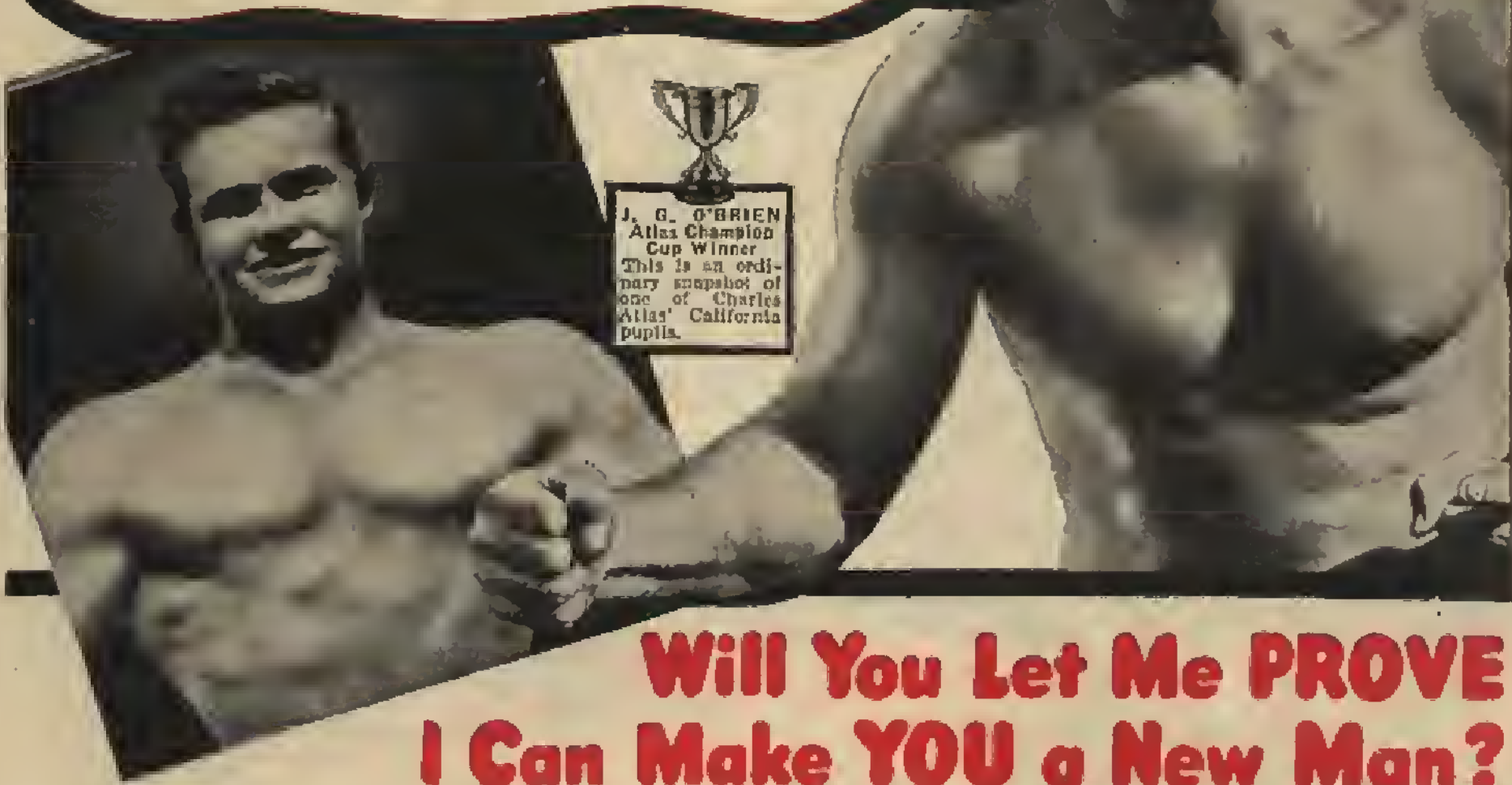
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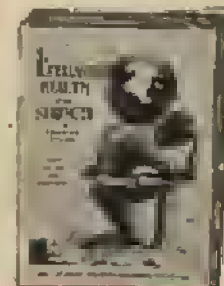
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